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DAVID SWING

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS
FRANK WAKELEY GUNSAULUS

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BY

THE REVEREND AND THE PROFESSOR
DAVID SWING

WITH A CHARACTERIZATION BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D., AND INTRODUCTION BY FRANK WAKELEY GUNSAULUS, D.D. ALSO A POEM BY DR. GUNSAULUS

EDITED BY

SOPHIE BURT KIMBALL

Τῷ μεν γὰρ αληθεῖ πάντα συνάδει τὰ υπάρχοντα τῳ δὲ ψευδεῖ ταχὺ διαφωνεῖ τάληθὲς —ARISTOTLE

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TO

DAVID SWING AND HIS TWO FOLLOWERS

POETS, PREACHERS, ORATORS,

IN RECOGNITION OF THE LOYALTY AND DEVOTION THAT

'KEEP THE ANGEL'S SONG IN

THE SANCTUARY,'

AND THEIR EARNEST EFFORTS TO INSPIRE THEIR FELLOW-MEN

WITH A HIGHER KNOWLEDGE

OF THE ETHICS AND BLESSING OF JESUS CHRIST

PREFATORY NOTE

Among American authors, few stand before us whose personality is more clearly defined than that of Rev. David Swing.

No serious attempt has ever been made to bring together in completeness his work. The publication of fragmentary writings, not in concert, may at first seem a literary offense, but there is pleaded a versatile public, and the relations of much written matter, powerful when delivered, but, like flowers passed on to others because their purpose has been served, now, to the casual reader, valueless.

The text from his most mature and last unpublished writings has been scrupulously revised, inspired by the hope of illumination through long listening to the poet-preacher. Some variation with the original order has taken place, in an attempt to bring material together in acceptable form. The subject headings are Prof. Swing's choice.

In the selection the editor is entirely responsible. Notes taken by her at conversational lectures, also certain personal correspondence, were to be included, but want of more "ample room" requires their omission.

Two words of our author, "along come," hold the keynote of his life and writings.

"When historians all deceive us, along comes some word to whisper to us the most precious truth."

S. B. K.

CHICAGO, June, 1905.

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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!'

We need a line from the most rich and literary of the poets of the Hebrew nation to initiate in our hearts, and especially in our speech, any fitting recognition of the unique and precious treasure which our city and our land have lost in the death of David Swing. It is necessary also that it be a verse of that poetry which describes the ministry, not so much of a great ecclesiastic, clad in pontifical robes, or that of an urgent contender for some revered proposition of belief, as that of the prophet who in the echoes of yesterday and the din of to-day perceives the soft and chastened eloquence of to-morrow, if in any way the passage may serve as a prelude to our thought of him who for a quarter of a century stood in the twilight in the name of the ample dawn.

The words that will accord with our grief and harmonize with our grateful sense of what God gave this city when he gave us David Swing must also be full of a sincere and calm optimism. They must radiate with that rapturous faith in the triumph of goodness which rang like a vital note through all his music. They must carry his glowing assurance that the history of man is the history of a divine progress. For this faith was the sky under which his eye beheld the contest of energies divine and diabolic, the eddies in the stream of man's life that so often appear to testify to a receding river, and, beholding them all, he never faltered and never feared.

Words from any literature that may suit the hour when we strew rosemary on the grave of David Swing must open the mind toward that gateway into the realm of ideas which is called the beautiful, for with him, as with the great novelist, 'beauty is part of the finished language by which God speaks.' And so I have chosen the passage from Isaiah: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tid-

ings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!'

He himself has said, 'There is no tribe or race which is not aware of such a something as the beautiful.' Every race whose stream of blood entered or influenced the veins of this prose-poet contributed its highest æsthetic instinct and commandment unto him. To his spirit, as to Emerson's, 'beauty was its own excuse for being.' He allowed no argument in favor of what was ugly; that which was beautiful, for him needed no apology or praise. All his mind's powers ceased to question the right of the beautiful to be and to rule, at the moment this unfailing eye found it beautiful; and at the instant of his discovery that a thing was not beautiful all his own beauty of soul, with playful irony, stinging sarcasm, and wealth of moral enthusiasm, set itself for its destruction. He went through our work-a-day world with a serene faith, like that of Keats, that 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever'; and his vision of the immortal life was the seer's picture of the survival of the beautiful. Throughout his childhood, youth, and for twenty years of his public career he lived in the valley of Ohio, of all valleys the most sure to stimulate and enrich this æsthetic sense. All through his sermons and essays we find pictures of what nature gave to this singularly rich and suggestive mind. They were criteria for years to come by which beauty might be recognized. They were facts so fair, and the fancies they inspired were so glorious, as to make his pages of essays and sermons true to nature and the soul in their truest moods. The aching seed and the April shower, the rich, black valley loam opening its wealth of motherhood for the seed, the rose that hesitantly met the earliest hour of June with fragrant kisses, the bees, gold-corsleted, that live on the lips of clover bloom, the long, green lines of corn, the yellow, wave-like valley of wheat, the rosy fruit of autumn, and the white snows of winter—all these come and go, as we think of the youth sitting by the old fireplace and watching the play of splendor in the flame, or as in the brilliant day he labors or dreams in the field, or at night he broods beneath the white magnificence of stars.

It was all culture of the sentiment that says, 'life and conduct must be beautiful.' At college this child of Athens, who had been born nearer the Ohio than Ilyssus, found his own native

Greece, and wandered along the edge of the blue Ægean with Socrates and Plato, heard Sophocles recite his tragedies and beheld Phidias carve the Parthenon frieze; for he had a singularly inspiring teacher who then and there gave a new life and career to this soul who loved the beautiful. In his own childhood's home with those he loved, he had learned what his whole life illustrated, and what Mrs. Browning has so often repeated on his lips:

> 'The essence of all beauty, I call love;
> The attribute, the evidence, and end;
> The consummation to the inward sense
> Of beauty apprehended from without,
> I still call love.'

But the Greek youth, nursed on Hellenic food, was predestined, and now he was reinspired by his study of Greek literature and Greek art to be the apostle of the beautiful. To him evermore the *beautiful* became *good*. He found the ethical side of beauty. Professor Swing's spirit was too spacious and too nearly full-orbed not to find within itself the experience which responded to and identified itself with the ebb and flow of the tide of life and thought and achievement in all the great nations. He had too sincere and truthful a sense of the imperial value of righteousness not to reflect, at some times very vividly, at *all* times quite faithfully, the quality and message of the Hebrew people to mankind. Yet the quality of his nature, the attitude of his mind, the method of its approach to truth, was that of the Greek, rather than that of the Hebrew. None knew better than he that God had called these two peoples each to an unique task in the bringing in of the kingdom of God, which to David Swing and to us means the consummate achieving of the dream of civilization. The Hebrew wrought for righteousness; for this the nation was called to be a *royal priesthood*. In quite another manner, as characteristic of God's providence, as truly emphasizing the gift of the genius of the Greek, did Jehovah call the Greek to a *royal priesthood* also. He called the Greeks to be an intellectual aristocracy, as he called the Hebrews to be a spiritual aristocracy, and both did he call to minister unto all humanity. In each case, the unique and precious stream flowed between banks of patriotic conviction.

The Greek was called to be an artistic nation: his Sinai

revealed the law of beauty: God called the Hebrew to be 'an holy nation;' his Sinai revealed the laws of righteousness. It is certainly true that David Swing was a preacher of the message of the Hebrew—righteousness; but he approached it, he loved it, he championed it, as a Greek. To him righteousness was the moral side of beauty, and looking upon his career and its gracious influence, we repeat the Hebrew's words: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.' It was this Greek spirit that made him able to so speak the 'good tidings' that his preaching was literature. He knew the holiness of beauty.

So great, however, was the moral uplift of his nature toward a perception of and a yearning for the supreme beauty—'the beauty of holiness,' as the Hebrew poet names it—that he was always telling us: 'It must be inferred that there is a moral æsthetics which outranks the physical forms of beauty. The moral kingdom does not destroy the other empire. It is the old story of 'empire within empire,' 'wheel within wheel,' but with this caution that moral beauty is the greater of the two kingdoms. Moral æsthetics is what our age now needs.' This is what the Hebrew singer had in mind, when he sang: 'O worship the Lord, in the Beauty of Holiness.' To this, the heart and eloquence of David Swing responded for eight and twenty years in our great materialistic city; but it was a Greek, clad with the splendor of a Christian knight, who uttered his plea with all that sobriety of statement, that artistic regard for the beautiful, which made him the finest essayist who has stood in the pulpit of the nineteenth century. As we hear some more Hebraic gospeller utter his Ezekiel-like oracles to some valley of dry bones, or listen to some evangelist or reformer hurl his warnings or maledictions against iniquity, remembering this sane and refined soul, we say with that most Grecian of recent anthologists:

'Where are the flawless form,
The sweet propriety of measured phrase,
The words that clothe the idea, not disguise,
Horizons pure from haze,
And calm, clear vision of Hellenic eyes?

'Strength ever veiled by grace;
The mind's anatomy implied, not shown;
No gaspings for the vague, no fruitless fires,
Of those fair realms to which the soul aspires.'

The unique and unimagined value of such a man, holding so high a place in the moral culture of this community from 1867 to 1894, cannot be overestimated. When he came hither filled with the results of years of scholarly investigation, calm with the vision given only to men of genuine idealism and cultured faith, fearless in the superb equipment of his learning, and trusting the whole world and its interests to the influence of truth, as only the scholar and the Christian does, we were just out of the thunder and moral dissipation of a civil war; huge fortunes had come as by magic to men who scarcely considered the ideal values in opportunity and influence which lie in a single dollar; we were at the beginning of a movement, in an industrial age, which has reaped enormous profits by the employment and direction of human beings along the ways of material progress; a city draining its unexampled vitality from a vast empire was rising like a huge vision before the cupidity and greed, the hope and reason, of the west. What a gift of God it was that then there came to you a *soul*, a human heart cultured to the perception of the valuelessness of mere money and the supreme value of great ideas and noble sentiments, a brain that was certain of nothing so surely as that righteousness is moral beauty and that this beauty is, or ought to be, supreme! David Swing, at the opening of an age of gigantic material advancement, through years of persistently regnant materialism, in a city of tremendous practicalism, has been one of the most heroic and noble figures of our time, for he has been the scholar in the pulpit, the Christian in society, the philosopher in our literature, and the beloved citizen of the ideal commonwealth in all our public and private policies. He has embodied in himself the mission of the Christian scholar.

What is the Christian scholar—the Greek ensouled with the genius of Hebrewdom?

He is the one being to whom life must always appear both as a vision and as a duty. The order of progress now and ever is, first 'the new heavens,' and then 'the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' Life, as a vision into which have been gathered every noble idea, every true sentiment, and every worthy purpose, with all their victory and their hope—a vision awfully grand with the announcement that it hangs in the heavens to be obeyed, glorified with the assurance that it is to be realized on the earth—this is the truest gift which years of instruction

and study may give to the scholar's soul. The scholar is the deliverer of men. He is the sworn acquaintance of something still more venerable than their revering age, something more ancient than their prudence, and into their solemn cautiousness concerning tradition, it is his to introduce the permanent which declines, because it needs not their endeavor to preserve its pedigree or to enforce silence. The scholar sees the reality beneath all appearance, and it is his prerogative and fortune to furnish to the untrained his trained eye, that they too may know that there is a sky above and a river-bed beneath the flow of things. Wherever such a soul goes, there goes hope. He has had the experience of nature in his science, the experience of man with ideas and principles in his study of history, the experience of man with himself in his fearless study of the soul, and 'experience worketh hope.' To the hopeless man who has seen his flag go out of sight as it fell beneath the feet of wrong he comes to lead him out of the atmosphere of momentary defeat to a larger induction and to bid him up and on. Wherever such a soul goes there goes resoluteness and self-respect. Such a man, prophet and oracle, has been David Swing.

It was the Christian scholar's message of the infinite beautifulness and desirableness of truth which he came to give.

His very manner and voice, his presence and attitude, made his message more powerful as a rebuke to our pretentiousness and self-satisfaction and a stimulus to our affection for high ideals and God-like sentiments. He seemed to brood wistfully, and, often with the whole statement before him, carefully written out, he paused, hesitating to handle truth, which had cost so much and was so dear, with anything but reverent care. He had worked an immense deal of ore into coin before he rose to speak, and he knew its worth too well and man's need too surely to jingle it before human cupidity as a common thing. But before he concluded his address, it was all our own.

> 'He spoke, and words more soft than rain
> Brought the age of gold again.'

That voice filled its strange stops with the peculiar quality of his view of life, the 'sweet reasonableness' of his message, the native music of his melodious soul; and no monotony of earth ever seemed so varied in harmony or so increasingly beautiful as its utterance. When I heard him, I confess myself to have been

under such a spell as only the finest orators may create, while I was saying to myself that this is not oratory at all. His was the eloquence of self-command, of affectionate confidence in his latest-loved truth whose beauty he was then showing to us, lit up by a perfect faith that the angel he modestly championed would easily make her way in the world.

In the hour of his supreme power, what resources he had, what forces came into his grasp! He had a finer humor than Beecher; it was radiant atmosphere, never tumultuous with stormful glee, but kindly, genial, an air in which the laughter rippled o'er the soul as the water moves when a swallow flies close to a quiet pool. In that radiance, buds of thought opened, seemingly without his touch; and unripe purposes grew golden in the warmth and glow. He had perfect mastery of sarcasm and irony. They never mastered him. In these rare moments of superlative power, his good humor kept the sharp edges from cutting a hair, while the blades flashed everywhither. Just at such an instant in his appeal, sober common sense, the strongest faculty or set of faculties which he possessed, uttered its behest, while fancy and memory played about the message as sweet children about a gracious queen. More than any or all of these was the man who stood so quietly there—the dear friend, the high-minded advocate of the good, the true, and the beautiful—urging us to a security of faith, a sanity of life, and a reasonableness of conduct like his own. Thus he became his own best argument. It was the eloquence not of speech, but of beautiful character. What Lowell quotes to describe the speech of the Concord seer may be quoted to describe him:

> 'Was never eye did see that face,
> Was never ear did hear that tongue,
> Was never mind did mind his grace,
> That ever thought the travail long,
> But eyes, and ears, and every thought,
> Were with his sweet perfections caught.'

It is often said that Professor Swing was not a reformer, and that he possessed none of the qualities, and therefore had nothing of the career, of those heroic men who root up ancient and wide-branched wrongs and create a reign of righteousness. He was a philosopher, not a transformer of institutions and laws. The fact is that such a soul's contribution to the evolution of good-

ness in the world is always of the highest importance. Ideas will always gather champions. Such a service as his is too likely to be underestimated, because it is so fundamental and so great. With a strange hesitancy as to accepting the conclusions of Darwin, our preacher's mental method was that of an evolutionist. He trusted the development of involved ideas. The revolutionist always attracts more attention and offers the picture of a more easily understood courage. But there would never be a revolutionist if the evolutionist, whose plea is reason and not a sword, whose appeal is to ideas that render battles useless, were heard.

In the thick of the fight for some instantly demanded righteousness, David Swing was not a Luther—fiery-tongued and dust-covered as the fray went on—he was rather an Erasmus, the temperate, calm scholar, who had already whetted the sword for a Luther's strong hands and held its fine blade ready for his service. But he was never beset with the cautiousness of Erasmus. No Erasmus would ever have held the moral sense of the same community for all these years. He was Erasmus and Melancthon in one. His shy and clear-eyed soul reminds one of our own Emerson, whom Wendell Phillips, in the angry warfare where he was using Emerson's ideas as fine Damascus blades, called 'that earthquake scholar at Concord,' of whom also Lowell has said: 'To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives.' From his benign place of culture David Swing has supplied epigrams which have become battle cries to many souls who, in the turmoil, are fighting the good fight, to whose successful issues he made the contribution of victorious ideas. He lit the beacon and has kept it burning, so that, in the contest of right against wrong, of intelligence against ignorance, of nobility of character against the vulgarity which exhibits its coat of arms or its wealth, the soldier of truth might not mistake a foe for a friend, or lose the path of triumph. His was the thinker's heroism—the finest in the life of man. He feared not the consequences of any truth; he feared only a comfortable lie, or a popular blunder. He was more than a Falkland with a Matthew Arnold to praise him, and to forget the lonely hours of Sir John Eliot and Hampden. He never cried peace where there was no peace. He always somehow got his word of cheer

to the beleaguered army of truth, even if he were not with them at the hour of their captivity.

With the thinker's courage he trusted to the predestinated dominion of ideas, not only the fortunes of society, but also the future of the commonwealth and the hope of man. Not the lightning that smites and cleaves, still less the thunder that rolls and amazes, his was the soft and pervasive sunshine, bearing the secret fate of the summer and traveling with the molten snows, falling silently upon the ice-fields that gleam and shimmer as they slowly drip into the harvests of the future.

He has lived for living ideas and generous sentiments, the exquisitely true statements of which are so generously left on his pages that they are sure to be in the hearts and on the lips of the men of to-morrow, and all this because of his serene faith in the native supremacy of the good, and the true, and the beautiful. This exalted and broad faith has given him breadth of interest and largeness of theme, and an unerring touch, as he has dealt with life's variety of problems. Above controversies, he has been so lofty as to provide for controversialists who would fain find the truth, the keys which unlock her treasure-houses. Our text describes him—'beautiful on the mountains,' where a large view enabled him to see valleys of life running into one another, roadways seemingly opposed in direction gradually and surely tending toward each other. Oftentimes he would come down close to the hearts of the mistaken and debating searchers for truth, and usually he came to show them that each possessed some truth or ideal needed by the other, and that the pathway to righteousness and God was wide enough for them both.

Such a supreme faith in the good and the true and the beautiful made his eye quick to discern its presence or absence in all places. He was therefore a wise appreciator of art, in which this Greek loved to behold a Hebrew lesson on righteousness, a penetrative and comprehensive critic of literature whose treasures lay at his feet, a patriotic and sympathetic thinker in politics, which he would have baptized with Christian idealism, a true and broad-minded champion of religion, which he knew is the noblest concern of all human life. One could not read with him 'The Grammarian's Funeral' of Robert Browning, and see the face of David Swing, as he lived and toiled with the scholarship which made the renaissance victorious, without thinking, if he had actually been one of that age, he would have found

such a grave also. But our Professor was more than one who 'ground at grammar.'

The mighty renaissance with which he had to do, and in the study of which the importance of his personality, its spirit and its gentle strength appear, has proved itself the greatest event in the history of religious thought since the reformation. The Oxford movement under the fascinating leadership of Newman never reached beyond the English and American Episcopal churches and the Roman Catholic church, in whose fold the leader found a home. At that hour there was afoot, under Maurice, Kingsley, and Stanley, a movement in England, inspired by Coleridge, fast putting on robes of poetry in the lines of Tennyson and Browning, which, at a later hour, was sure to find responses here in the hearts and minds of such men as Beecher, Phillips Brooks, and David Swing. Earlier than either of his great contemporaries, Professor Swing saw that this was the renaissance of the Greek spirit in theology.

A lover of that ancient Rome where Greek literature still ruled her orators and poets, our Professor never could sympathize with mediæval and theological Rome. The Almighty God and His government, as treated by the theologians of Rome, for nearly two thousand years, whether Catholic or Protestant, were only a huge Roman emperor exalted to omnipotence, and an empire where Roman justice and power alone were supreme. Orthodoxy had been partial to these thinkers, for Rome had been the seat of orthodoxy. Orthodoxy had, therefore, been fragmentary; outside of her accredited formularies were other truths quite as necessary for a full statement of Christianity. For example, the view of the atonement called orthodox was sympathetic with ideas of divine government borrowed from the Roman government; and as that government's view of justice and humanity was not exhaustive, so that theory of the atonement was partial, if not untrue. Against this, as well as against views of the inspiration of scripture and the theology which dogmatized as to the fate of the wicked, the Greek spirit rose in him to utter its word; not to fight, for this is not the business of ideas, but to utter its life as a flower expresses itself in fragrance and beauty, to initiate a genuine renaissance, a re-birth of hidden and forgotten truth. The whole movement of theology in the nineteenth century has been a re-uttering of this Greek spirit. Augustine, Athanasius, and Cyril of Jerusalem have yielded to Origen,

Chrysostom, and Clement of Alexandria. Our Greek poet-preacher, uttering his too long delayed truth in preachers' prose, has proved himself a worthy successor of him who was called 'golden-mouthed' at Antioch, and him who was named by Jerome 'the greatest master of the church after the apostles.'

As Emerson left the church whose life he inspired as has no theologian of our age, so David Swing retired from what was a battle-field, to give all sects the benignant and untroubled illumination which was the radiance of his soul. Without the impulsive eloquence and massive movement of Beecher, but with more than Beecher's calm and propriety of utterance; without Phillips Brooks's vision of the whole human heart and his abounding religiousness of devotion to Jesus of Nazareth as the revelation of God, David Swing performed a service like theirs, to all religious interests, in emancipating the mind of our time from the establishments of piety and the formularies of a partial faith.

Such men are always called heretics. The truth is, they are the men of faith. They are those who do not believe less than the reactionary who would try them, or the conservative who distrusts them; but they believe more—not the same things and more things besides, but they believe *more*. When David Swing denied that God was limited to the methods of government mentioned by the Westminster Confession, he had a larger and more truly evangelical belief in God than his opposer. To-day the church of his boyhood comes to his grave, and one of her most eloquent orators embalms with odorous spices the heretic of yesterday. Intolerance is the only radical unbelief. No man has so little real faith as he who believes that God's truth needs his police duty to keep it alive, or to protect it from being stolen.

When these men first spoke, critical wiseacres were pointed to the ruddy East; but they answered that some one's house was on fire, and forthwith they sought to extinguish the flame. It was the dawn—inextinguishable and glorious. Fearlessly, that movement which reddens the whole Orient may be trusted. It will journey on to complete the noontide. Looking at it, one sees that it is God's presence in man's deeper, larger faith.

'And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn.'

His interest in theology sprang from such a root as gave him a profound interest in the problem of society. He confronted it with the same principles, asked of its dogmatists the same questions, and answered its demands with the same faith. Just as he declined to believe in and preach a gospel of despair, which left a less loving God than Christ on the throne of the universe, so he declined to believe that the best civilization will permit capital to grow rich by child-labor, and lawlessness to destroy public order. His unmoved faith in God and man, under God's love, is at the basis of a dream of a better society, just as it was at the basis of a truer theology.

The idea of God was Christianized in his deeper confidence; the same transformation must come to the life of man here below. As the vision of Christ, saying 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father,' changed the conception of God, and made man a worshiper of the universal Fatherhood, so Christ in the life of man will change methods and bring about a universal brotherhood. What makes for a true theology makes for a true sociology. 'No Christ-like soul,' he says, 'will consent to walk along through life or to heaven without wishing to drag all society with it to the sublime destiny.'

This deep faith made him the lover of men whose personal creeds were divergent from his own and whose methods he could not have adopted. It was enough that they were bringing in the better day. Full of admiration for the philosopher and scientist, he nevertheless said: 'It is not Comte or Tyndall who must plead with the begrimed miners of England; it is Moody and Sankey.' He could trust any man whose soul was acquainted with the large truths of the Nazarene, because he trusted them. 'The truths of Christ's reform,' he said, 'possess that impulse which comes from their lying outspread not only in the light of earth, but in that of eternity.'

Perhaps his proclaimed vision of Christ was not inclusive of all the lines which love and worship have made for yours; but I never heard him more earnest than when he said to one who wished to substitute a paganism for Christianity: 'Even could we draw from the classics or Hindoo world a complete definition of manhood, we would seem to need a Christ to enable the human race to realize the dream betrayed in the definition.' 'The cross is only an essential prelude to the new life.' Perhaps his humor lit up the true features of some doctrine so dear

to you that you mistook the kindly light for his repudiation of truth. Doubtless he saw more clearly those truths of which little is said in creeds; but this at least is true: the confession of faith he perpetually uttered and preached is made up of the sweetest hopes and the most frequently spoken commandments which moved the lips of Jesus Christ.

Of unique and pervasive beautifulness of nature, of large and living scholarship, of most thorough religiousness of mind, of genuine American fiber and faith, he lived with us and died among us, the most beloved of our citizens, if not the most distinguished; the most poetic of the prophets who has not left his life in his verse; the most genial and philosophical of American essayists, who was always a priest of goodness; our soul's friend, to whom we say: 'Hail and farewell.'

FRANK WAKELEY GUNSAULUS.

DAVID SWING

DAVID SWING

For twenty years and more the eager multitudes who loved David Swing thronged and crowded together, while he informed of beauty, traced the rugged truth, gave men vision and divine uplift. And other multitudes there were, whose feet indeed never trod aisles of Central Church, but who were wont to wait each week for his printed words, and when his message ceased they were as desert pilgrims who found the heavenly manna had ceased to fall, the great rock had ceased to flow in cooling streams. Unceasingly with pen and voice did he ply men with motives of culture and duty, seeking by light and darkness, by hope and love, to make men patriots, Christians—the veritable sons of God. Oft did he rejoice in our good fortune; full oft was he touched with our griefs; a thousand times he pointed out for us the paths wherein lay the most of happiness and the most of peace; and when at last his great friendly presence was withdrawn from our homes and streets, we found ourselves looking with altered eyes upon an altered world.

When the news of his death came, it was with us as with Phillips Brooks when he learned of the death of his friend Richardson, the architect of Trinity Church. In that hour the great preacher turned to the window, and in silence gazed long into the open sky. 'It is as if one should awake to find the mountain which one's window had always faced, and upon which one's eyes had always looked, suddenly and forever gone.' And now, though the first full year is past, the vanished feet still walk with us, the silenced voice still whispers in our dreams. Knitting our brows to the daily task, we have proved that death does exalt those who remain to weep; that our sorrows must ennoble duties, not end them; that our tombs and our tasks are entangled; that the rich blossoms of the heart grow crimson, nourished by our graves. And so we are here to-day to keep a tryst with memory, and to remind ourselves what our friend was; what were the forces and causes that made him so; and by every motive of honor, to pledge ourselves anew to duty, to culture, to beauty;

to God, to his divine and human Son who taught his servant how to 'dip his sword,' not in blood, but in 'heaven.'

Here and now we remember that the true measure of a city's civilization is the quality of man it reveres and loves. Dying, Lord Bacon said: 'I leave my name and fame to foreign lands, and to my countrymen when some time be past.' It was to the shame of Florence that a century rolled by before her citizens were able to appreciate the exiled Dante, whose genius redeemed Florence out of meanness and obscurity. Ours is a world where the fathers kill the prophet to whose tomb the children throng in innumerable multitudes. But it is to the lasting praise of our city, and proves how high our society has risen in the scale of refinement and character, that in his lifetime an eager hearing was given to this sage, who spake of pure morals, whose theme was the folly of ignorance and vice, and the supremacy of truth and duty.

We know that eloquence is partly in the orator's charm: another part is the kindling response of the appreciative hearer. And that generation must have loved the higher life and been touched to the finer issues, that loved this man who was the most refined of American preachers, and whose sermons and essays have a certain grace and delicacy and sweet completeness that make them altogether unique. Always our loves tell us what we are, and foretell what our children are to be. Whenever Providence would order a forward movement of society, He raises up some giant who capitalizes the new spirit. Howard, Garrison, and Lincoln compact within themselves the diffused ideas of philanthropy, reform, liberty, and then flame these ideas forth upon the common people. Looking up to these leaders, soon the multitude went up and took a place beside these heroes.

It seems, therefore, like a special token of divine favor that God sent us this man to capitalize before our people ideas of taste and beauty; of culture, patriotism, liberty and religion. For not our harbors crowded with ships, not our lake fringed with forests, not our mines, our factories, and our stores stuffed with treasure have been God's best gift to this people; God's best gift has been the gift of great men like Lincoln and Grant in statecraft; like Beecher and Brooks and Swing as teachers of religion. And to-day it is a source of joy and gratitude unspeakable, that here in this new, rude, bustling city Providence sent one who seems like some Plato lifted out of his Athenian groves,

and set down in the midst of our booths and markets, to build for us a temple with pure Ionic lines: to light upon its altars the sacred Hebrew flame.

Recognizing his masterful genius, our editors, authors, and people have come to rank David Swing with the great pulpiteers of our generation. Comparing mind with mind, we speak of Spurgeon as devotional, Beecher as philosophical, Brooks as inspirational, Swing as poetical. Seeking a symbol of the qualities of each, we say that Spurgeon was a speaking trumpet, Brooks was a flaming heart, Beecher was a quaking thunderbolt, Swing a singing harp. But when many attempts have been made to search out the power of this poet-preacher, his secret still remains a mystery. Until we know why the rose is sweet, or the sunbeam light, or the babe divine, we cannot know why the seer is the best benefactor of humanity.

George William Curtis tells us that while the poet's power is less dramatic, less obvious, imposing, and immediate than the power of the statesman, the warrior, and the inventor, yet his influence is as deep, strong and abiding. For while the soldier fights for his native land, the poet clothes that land with charm and fires the warrior's heart with energy invincible; while the statesman organizes liberty, the poet feeds the sacred fires; while the inventor multiplies the conveniences of life, the poet deepens the lifespring itself. To-day we may not fully understand the power of our poet and seer, but we joyfully confess that he revealed to us our deeper convictions, filled us with fervor and aspiration, and, in an age of fret and fume, lifted us into the realm of tranquillity, through parable and poem teaching us where were the paths leading unto happiness and peace.

When Macaulay was shown the vast clustering vine in Hampton Court, with trunk like unto a tree, he expressed a wish to behold the mother root in Spain from which the scion was cut. Similarly, we confess to an eager desire to trace the ancestral forces that unite in this elect child of genius. No great man appears suddenly. Ancestral momentum explains unusual strength. The foothills slope upward toward the mountain-minded man. Each Emerson has back of him seven generations of scholars, who seem the favorites of heaven. Back of Henry Ward Beecher was a father who was at once a moral hero and an intellectual giant, and a mother who shot the coarse Beecher type through and through with rich, warm, glowing tones. Thus

the students have traced our friend's parentage back to the borderlines of Alsace and Lorraine. There we front the old German stock, philosophical, scholarly, ponderous, yet mystical, and a dreamer of dreams. And over against the German stands the Norman, with a certain lightness and nimbleness of mind—graceful, imaginative, full of rollicking humor—his speech all rippling with sunshine and his lips bubbling over with lyric song. And Providence ordained that all the best qualities of these two types should converge and meet in this poet-preacher. As for the rest, all is veiled. His genius is an unread riddle.

When the explorer has traced the River Nile back to the initial lake he has still fallen short of the source of that mighty stream. Above him in the distant clouds are the secret, invisible agencies out of which issue the summer's storms and the winter's snows that fill the springs and crowd the water on in massy flow. And the secret of greatness is partly ancestral, but chiefly divine. God breathes it. Its sources are in that holy of holies where dwell clouds and thick darkness. There God girded this man for his task, and sent him forth with faculties like the prophet's sword, all 'dipped in heaven.'

Searching out the essential qualities of his sermons, an English author has said: 'Other sermons are logical or instructive or inspiring, but Swing's always add that element of beauty that turns language into literature.' Misunderstanding this æsthetic element, some men have been captious and critical. But with David Swing beauty was no mere mush of æsthetics; no mere love of decoration and ornament. Beauty with him was not the frosting upon the cake; nor veneer upon the wood; nor Horace's purple patch upon an humble garment. Beauty was ripeness, soundness, maturity. Ugliness spake of broken laws. He saw that the pink flesh upon the cheek of the babe or maiden meant perfect health, and that the muddiness in the drunkard's eye was the sediment of sin. The soft flush upon the plum or purple cluster and the robe of loveliness cast o'er the yellow harvest fields was God's way of saying that His work was done, that things had come to ripeness and touched the limit of their growth.

He knew that when conversation was carried up unto beauty it became eloquence; that knowledge carried up unto beauty became wisdom and refinement; that hut-building carried up unto beauty became temple-rearing; while the man who was just and gentle stood forth before his admiring vision with a moral

beauty beyond that of an Apollo. Therefore he revolted from sin as from a form of ugliness and vulgarity. As Shakespeare passed by the vixen and scold to select an Imogen or Rosalind, as Titian preferred the noble soldier's face before Iago's, dimmed with passion and seamed with sensuality, so with winning grace Swing placed his gentle emphasis upon 'whatsoever things were lovely, whatsoever things were pure,' seeking to bring men unto that harmony and symmetry that betray the beauty of God upon them.

Here in this vast center of greed and gain, where Mammon threatens to master men, where youth is charmed with the glitter of coin as birds with the glitter of snakes' eyes, where stores and the treasure in them, factories and the wealth by them, threatens to eclipse the hidden things of the soul, here he stood for twenty years urging that the beautiful is the useful, that life is more than meat, that earth is not a stable, nor its food fodder, nor its children beasts, but that man is what he is at his best estate when he dwells in the realm of knowledge and hope and love. Only the next generation can tell how much he did to strengthen those sentiments that manifest themselves in libraries, museums, art galleries, institutions of higher education. But it is for this generation to be grateful that God saw our city's need, and raised him up to be with others what Bacon calls, the 'architect of states.'

We who loved him know that another striking characteristic was the seer-like quality of his thinking. Many of his sermons were visions into which were gathered all our hopes and aspirations, all our ideals, with their sweet torment and discontent, with their certain triumph and victory. In these higher moods he saw things unseen, dreamed dreams, fought battles, and sometimes perceived afar off that glad day when the columns of society should encamp upon the heights and hang out signals of victory. Nothing proves the creative mind like this imaginative element. The pragmatist does not understand it. Beholding a tree, the strict scholastic sees nothing but firewood. His unit of measurement is a tapeline, and he estimates its moral value in terms of heat and flame for sinners. He fears exceedingly when the seer declares that a tree's chief use is to tell of the goings of God among the branches; that a tree sings hymns and is a hostelry of delight; that a tree is a living creature, its song perfume, its words fruit. But the tree presents these aspects, and the seer must tell what he sees.

The imagination is a prophet. It is God's forerunner. It plants hard problems as seeds, rears these germs into trees, and from them gathers the ripe fruit. It wins victories before battles are fought. It works in many realms. Without it civilization would be impossible. Working in things useful it enables Watt to organize his engine; working 'midst the beautiful, it fashions pictures and rears cathedrals; working with ideas, it creates intellectual systems; working in morals, it constructs ethical systems; working toward immortality, it bids cooling streams, fruitful trees, sweet sounds, all noble friendships report themselves beyond the grave. For faith itself is but the imagination, allied with confidence, that God is able to realize all our highest ideals.

Without this seer-like element life would be utterly unendurable, and society would perish under sheer weight of drudgery. Each youthful Clay endures the privations of the cornfield, each Garfield the pain and poverty of the canal path, because imagination unveils the future and reveals a day when the youth shall build thrones, lead armies, organize laws. And each reformer endures as did the prisoner in the Castle of Chillon. When the little seed sprang up in his cell he saw the tiny plant swell into the stature of a tree; tropical birds sang in its branches; flowers grew over its roots; children were grateful for its shade; storms moved toward it from the distant snow-capped mountains. Imagination enlarged that little plant until it became a forest, and widened the prisoner's cell into a universe. Without imagination no man can become a preacher, and this divine gift was David Swing's. By it he stripped off the hull of dogma and found the sweet kernel. With it he explained riddles. It helped him exalt life's commonplaces. Under its touch moral principles that were dead and uninviting became as dry roots, smitten in summer into fruit and beauty. This pre-eminent faculty in him turned his sermons into moral poems, pictures, gardens, landscapes. Therefore, also, Dr. Barrows' words: 'If that which is keyed to universal truth is not to be outgrown, why should not men and women read for the generations the thoughts of David Swing?'

And you who heard him here know that he was a sublime optimist. He believed in the triumph of goodness. Pessimism seemed to him a form of vulgar atheism. He saw God abroad everywhere leavening society as yeast. Growth was the spirit of the ages and the genius of the universe. Looking backward

he saw all creation set forth upon an upward march. The stars revolved. The dead crust of the earth rose up into conscious life. The vegetable kingdom stood erect and drew near to the animal realm. 'The very beasts felt something stirring in them, and journeyed upward. Man, too, as if he heard the music drowsily and afar off, joined the strange procession and moved upward also.' Afar off he perceived the extinction of ignorance and sin, and the triumph of goodness. That he was not impatient of the slowness of social progress argues his greatness. Mr. Gladstone once said that the contentment of the people was largely their blindness to a better way; that to-day's institutions are concessions made to ignorance and fear. When, therefore, we consider that the veil was lifted before his vision so that he saw a thousand wrongs that might be righted, a thousand abuses that might be wiped away, a thousand reforms that should to-day be achieved, we marvel at his patience, his buoyancy, his hopefulness, his optimism. But he stayed himself on God with whom 'a thousand years are but as one day.'

When he saw the church journeying forward in an ox-cart, he foretold the day when man's heart and conscience should move forward with the speed and comfort with which his body travels. When he saw man dispirited with his own littleness, he whispered that eloquence and art came through great thoughts and themes; that Christianity's vision made Dante; that paradise made Milton; that a madonna made Raphael. And so he fed the hope that the greatness of Jesus Christ would repeat itself in each loving heart, even as the sun sets and repeats its colors in the sapphire and amethyst. When he saw men discouraged whose secret cry was 'no man careth for my soul,' who seemed like King Lear driven on in the night, with head white and uncovered before the storm, he pointed these discouraged ones to the golden clouds and the mountain peaks, and urged that above and beyond them was One whose footprints are on the hills, whose song is in the summer, whose bosom is love, whose face and presence will explain all our hard problems.

And when at last he saw men standing about the open grave of falling statesmen, dying woman, sleeping child, he whispered that for Lincoln and Tennyson to continue beyond the grave is less wonderful than that they should enter the cradle; that the hero and the martyr and the beauteous mother are not journeying forward under the embrace of divine laws toward a black

hole in the ground, but toward a door that opens into heaven; that a second life and a readjustment beyond is the only explanation of the death angel moving through our streets; that the Divine Form standing in the shadow behind man, the divine laws girding man about, the divine river that sweeps man's spirit on, the divine affection for dear ones, that strengthens as the body weakens, all these unite to feed the hope that beyond the grave there stand divine arms outreached, waiting to receive man's soul.

Our friend once spake of William Pitt as the great commoner, because he dealt in the universal truths of liberty, even as science deals with universal propositions about land and sea and sky. Thus, in the realm of morals, David Swing laid all his emphasis upon the common-sense principles that are related to men, not as Protestants or Catholics, but to men as the children of God. He caused Christianity to stand forth as a simple single shaft. He saw that when a cathedral was mingled with booths and shops and ruined cottages, the grandeur of the temple was injured by surroundings that have in them no greatness. He saw that a mountain surrounded by foothills for hundreds of miles was obscured by its very complexity. Recalling St. Peter's, he remembered that the architects were enemies, and that the artists quarreled bitterly. But the temple grew in grandeur because the columns and arches cast off the quarrels of human life. Rising into the sky it absorbed the genius and love of each architect, but left his strife and his chips to perish below. He saw that man seeking to explain the star or stone had been guilty of all manner of foolish, vaporing blunders.

He also knew that the human mind working in the realm of theology had been similarly untrustworthy, oft maligning God, full oft bringing Christianity into contempt. Therefore he sought a simple religion. He confined himself to a common sense statement of universal principles. He saw that God made iron, but not tools; pigments, but not paintings; forests, but not furniture; reason and conscience, but not creeds and politics. But he saw also that thought determined deeds, and that right living comes out of sound thinking. And so, instead of beginning at the realm where we know least and working toward the known, he began with the realm where we know most, and worked toward the unknown. Therefore spake he of man and his divine possibilities, his social duties, his civil obligations, the

development of his reason, the training of his taste and imagination, the enrichment of affection, the culture of heart and conscience. Oft he gave the rambling vine a new support and pruned away the dead and leafless stalk. Many, misunderstanding this, shed bitter tears and filled the air with noise and strife. But he kept at his work, for he loved that vine as much as they, and pruned it that the multitudes might find beneath it their shade and shelter. He remembered that all the great ones of history stood forth in an 'alluring atmosphere of genius, truth, and beauty.' He knew that man could never worship a defective God. Therefore he sought to cause God, as interpreted by Jesus Christ, to rise before men in such a holy and alluring form that each heart would ask the world to join in its anthem. During his life he sometimes destroyed. But it was only destroying the flower that the fruit might swell, the bursting of the bark that the tree might grow. All his destroying was for the sake of saving.

Our city's debt to him cannot be measured. Searching out the beginnings of our institutions, Bancroft says 'We can never disassociate our national greatness and our religious teachers.' Guizot said Luther made Germany. Choate believed that Calvin shaped the Swiss Republic. Macaulay found the springs of English literature in King James's version of the Bible. When Spurgeon died Mr. Gladstone was quoted as saying: 'This dissenter did more for England than any statesman of his generation.' The explanation is, all wealth and material greatness begin in the mental and moral life of the people. Things are first thoughts. The doing that makes commerce begins with the thinking that makes scholars. Tools, railways, cities, books, institutions, are but the inner life, crystallizing into material form. Wake up man's taste, and he paints pictures; wake up his reason, and he writes books; wake up his justice, and he works reforms; wake up his conscience, and he cleanses his city from abuses. The beginnings of national greatness are not in things without, but in citizens made fertile and rich in resource.

Happy this city, that produced this man, and enjoyed his presence through this, the most plastic and strenuous period of its history. And happy the seer, to whom God gave so great opportunity! Ah, David Swing, David Swing! the memory of thy sweet reasonableness is upon us. Still is thy friendly presence here like a gentle atmosphere. Oft thou didst charm the

fever from our brain, the fear and anxiety from our heart. Full oft thou didst release us from thrall and doubt, seeking ever to make us citizens of God's universe. Thy tireless industry doth rebuke us, until, with the Athenian, we murmur: 'The trophies of Miltiades will not let us sleep.' Thy courage and thy hopefulness do still inspire us, for as warriors of old flung their spears far into the hosts of the enemy, and by bravery didst reclaim them, so thou didst fling thy heart forward to 'the feet of the Eternal,' and in death found it again. Here and now we recall thine early struggles; the harsh winds that did assail thy bark; thy nights of study; the eager youth crowding about thee in that far-off college; the multitudes that for years flowed in hither with goings like the sound of many waters; the ideals thou didst have for this great city, for its libraries, its galleries, its museums, its homes, its people. To-day a sense of debt is upon us. For the great love we bear thee, we pledge ourselves anew to truth, toleration, and charity, to liberty, to fidelity to our deeper convictions, to the poor, to the slave and the savage, to Jesus Christ thy Savior, to God thy Father. May learning like thine abide ever in our libraries. May goodness like thine ever lend glory to all our chapels. May thy all-perceiving reason, thy all-judging reason, hallow our council chambers. May eloquence lend glory to our forum and pulpit. May heaven drop thy charmed gifts upon our children and our children's children, until all are Christians and patriots. And we will give thee gratitude and greet thee beyond.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

ADMIRATION OF BEAUTY

NATURE AND MAN

It is not to be doubted that nature is slowly becoming an object of deeper love. John Ruskin says that Homer did not allude to the grass as being beautiful in itself, but as being something which the oxen delighted to eat. All through ancient literature there is allusion to the scenes and charms of nature, but what was once a gentle friendship on the part of man has become a more powerful passion. Language is more powerful in uttering science or history or mathematical ideas than it is in describing the emotions which nature awakens. Often when friends have looked long and lovingly at a sunset they at last turn away in silence, for there are no words that can give the full measurement of such a picture. If there is creeping over civilization a greater love of nature, that new emotion will not live and grow without working some good or ill in the character of our race. If the external world came from an infinite God it cannot be of a trifling quality. If, as one philosopher called it, it is the will of God expressed outwardly, it must possess much of the greatness of its author, for as the picture drawn by a painter contains the genius of the artist, so nature depicted thus by the Almighty must contain many of the divine attributes. If in the great spaces which separate the stars and in the number and bulk of stars we perceive the infinite power, so some part or trace of the Supreme Being must be present in the details of each of these many worlds. God could not be present in only the distance of the worlds from each other. The God of the stars must be the God of what is found on each star. It is therefore, a priori, probable that the sentiment which is now binding man to the external scene is a dignified and influential sentiment.

It may almost be said that our period discovered the

material world in all its vast unity and beauty. Among the many good and beautiful things which have come to humanity in the late generations must be counted the surface of the earth itself. It has come borne to us by painters, poets, and all writers. Great volumes of sciences have been made out of its facts and laws, and almost a new education made out of its parade of beauties. All the prodigies have vanished: the cyclops and harpies have become extinct in the islands of Ulysses; where Æneas once heard the bird cæleno utter wild prophecies the modern traveler hears only the little nightingale sing; and where the hyperborean once dwelt we find now the Laplander traveling the snow with his sledge. A vast entanglement has passed away, and instead have come a unity and a realism which have made man a reasoner and a student, full of childlike simplicity.

One of the most remarkable results of material sciences upon the mind is the strengthening of man's hold upon the law of cause and effect. Our statesmen attempt to find footing upon that law; there the inventors stand, and there more than formerly Christianity bases many of its doctrines and promises. It says faith in Christ will save you, because you will imitate the being whom you love and trust; you will be taught and inflamed by such a divine companion. Faith becomes a law of education, and as rain and sun minister to the needs of a plant and make it grow and bloom, thus faith in Jesus ministers to the needs of the human heart. Many of the Christian doctrines have been transformed into natural laws, which instead of working for plants work for man's soul. Instead of speaking of rationalizing religion, the term 'naturalizing' would express the new fact just as well. Religion and nature are made the parts of one plan. The student of nature is also the student of theology.

The new love of nature is making our whole community the students of cause and effect, the citizens of one great empire — the children of a reasonable and infinite God.

The fact that we do not know where natural law begins and ends does not prevent us from possessing and enjoying a vast kingdom in which reason reigns and triumphs in matchless beauty. Recently, when an ocean steamer was crossing the sea its shaft broke and pounded a hole in the bottom of the ship. The ship began to sink. Seven hundred passengers engaged in prayer, and the ship was saved. A well-known evangelist led the prayer-meeting, and says the saving of that vessel was the most wonderful answer of prayer the world ever knew. Instead of detracting from the religious faith of that hour one would better add to it all those prayers of long ago, asking that God would encompass his people with wisdom, and make light to run to and fro all over the world. Under that ship lay all the prayers for education and human progress which had been breathed for a hundred years. God had answered these old prayers by giving men deeper wisdom.

The ship had by wisdom been built in compartments, and thus one compartment became full of water without endangering human life. Many of the prayers which saved that ship had been offered up in the sinking palaces of former days, and in those colleges where students of nature and science prayed for light. We must all offer the prayer of thanksgiving that God grants the wisdom of nature to all minds which truly seek it, and we must join the prayers of religion with the answers found in the later sciences. It is evident that if the ship had not been built in compartments it would have gone down. The prayers of the passengers in such peril must be made up in part of thanksgiving for that unfolding of nature which gave mankind the naval architecture now found on the high seas. If man is a child of God, so nature is a child of the same Father, and the laws of prayer must work in harmony with the laws of the great ocean. We must thank heaven that it gave man sense enough to build a compartment ship.

Nature is thus seen as the medium through which flows

much of the divine goodness. In God, indeed, we live, move, and have our being, but God is Himself contained in nature. Nature is God's presence, His body, His house, His soul, and in that strange incarnation and habiliment we all pass our life. There we live and move. When we pray for daily bread the harvest field answers the prayer; when we pray for more of light, science is the answer; when we pray for more of education, the whole world comes with its supply; when we pray for more safety on the roads or the ocean, the laws of nature bring it; when we pray for more of beauty, the springs redouble their beauty and the wild birds sing a sweeter song. There might come a time when we should pray that the ravens might bring us bread, but in the long career of the human family the prayer for daily bread finds answer in the fields of wheat and corn. In those fields Ruth the gleaner found her answer, and there the modern gleaners pick up their daily food.

Nature is not only the home and form of God, but it is also His language, His words spoken to His children. It is the only language which all understand. When the thunder rolls we tremble, when the flowers bloom we smile, when the spring comes we hear the invitation to plant, to sow; when the harvest opens we are invited to a feast; when the cheek is red and the eye bright it is God saying to that being, You are young. When the silver hair comes, then come the words from nature, You are much nearer the end. These words few misunderstand.

The human family makes use of one thousand languages. The more barbarous a continent the more numerous are its tongues. Each island in all the oceans has its dialect of terms. From amid this confusion of tongues forth comes nature with an eloquence which reaches the understanding of all who live. Its words are more powerful than those of the orator, sweeter often than those of the poet. Utterance so high, so deep, so rich! It must be the mighty language of the Infinite!

Do not say God has never spoken to you! Compared with His whispering, the dearest friends have been silent.

The moment a soul expands enough to love beauty it begins to talk of the external world. In all the masters of literature, the beauties of nature are the decorations of each immortal work. Not only Shakespeare, but all the authors of high genius, knew

> '. . . . a bank where wild thyme blows;
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
> Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine;
> With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.'

Take the external world from Goethe, and what a deep injury you have done his verse! Take the material world from Tennyson, and his books lie in ruins. When the German poet was dying he asked that the curtains of the window might be opened that he might, to the last, feed upon the beautiful sunlight; when the English poet was passing away his family put out the lights man had invented, that the noble lover of all the heavenly bodies might lie on his pillow with the blessed moon shining on his face. Thus the nature which so educates our men of genius ought to stand beside them when they die. Having made the soul, nature ought to be near it when it goes hence. She ought to offer her chariot for the trip from dust to paradise.

Out of nature comes the first and great lessons of art. When not a direct teacher she is an inspiration. All her immensity, all her millions of long-lived stars, all her brilliant days and softened nights, her clouds, her shadows, all her oceans with storm and calm, all those forests which have waved in northern pine and southern palm, all the flowers which have budded and faded, all the mountains which have hurled an avalanche or been smitten by the artillery of the sky—have combined to give man lessons in art which, in life or in immortality, he can never forget. The influence of nature does not end here. It goes so far as to simplify his style in art, literature and

life. How simple is a tree! or a mountain, or an ocean! Each object is seen and loved in an instant. So in art. How simple are the few masterpieces in painting! But the simpler they are the more thought and feeling they awaken. The myths and legends, which once entertained and bewildered, have been displaced by the simpler truth and taste of our new epoch. Literature uses a simpler diction, and the obscure metaphysics of the schoolmen bids fair to perish.

God, the measureless, is always inhabiting all space. He comes to man through all the laws and beauties of nature. Nature is His home, it is His language. From the human experience on earth man elaborates his morals. From long experience man picks up the virtues as gems and pearls on the shore of life's sea; he writes his Bible from the lives which have been lived by the best of all souls; he condenses emotions into hymns, and at last makes love and faith burst forth into prayer. The ages which have not known and loved nature have, for the most part, reached a bombastic style in language and a fanciful form in manners and dress. Nature is the teacher and example of simplicity. She does not like many or long words. 'The tree dies,' 'the bud opens,' 'the sun shines,' 'the birds sing,' 'man laughs,' 'man cries,' are the phrases nature most loves. For reasons no one can give, nature is on the side of most of meaning in the fewest words. What is called realism in literature and art would be the glory of our age should it portray simply the beauties of man, and omit the worship of his depravity. This simple language, this simple art, must busy itself among the beautiful things of our world. Each was so made that man grows not only by what he can grasp of his surroundings, but also what he can pass by. Man lives not only eating and drinking, but also by what he can decline to eat or drink. True realism is not the ability to copy nature, but it is also the ability to find where vice has ruined nature, and has changed sweetness into infamy. Realism

must not be a hunger which eats poison, but a hunger which waits for manna from the sky.

Led by cause and effect, he concludes himself to be in the universe of a God. Ideas and emotions come to him one by one. The earth which gave food for his body gives food for his soul. The earth is man's school-house. From the structure of the school-house, from its places for study, from the lessons daily assigned, from the growth of those who attend faithfully the strange school, he infers the existence and constant presence of some schoolmaster, although the form be invisible. Wonderful school-house, in which nothing is invisible except the Master! What maps! what pictures! what lessons! what progress! what prizes for high scholarship and noble conduct! What beautiful summers and winters for study! What a school, the teacher alone being hidden from man's sight! But man's sight was given him that he might see his world, its objects, its beauties, the faces of his friends, but not given him that he might see the Infinite. Man should not ask to see his God. It should be enough for each heart that it lives here and forever in Him.

WORSHIP IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS

It would be difficult to define the word 'worship.' The heart comes to moments when it wishes to use that term, but not so often does it come to moments when it can define it. Probably it implies love of something much greater than man himself. The sublime is said to possess more of greatness and power than belongs to the common objects of beauty, and worship may be an attachment to some being that transcends all other life.

Beauty is ascribed to a lily; sublimity to the midnight sky, or to the sea, or to the mountains. Thus love may sweep in a vast number of objects in our world, while worship may find a cause in only something above all common life.

The heart is affected by the object of its regard. When man stands before the blossoming orchard his heart is delighted indeed, but his feeling is not that which comes over him when he is watching a great red sunset. There are a hundred feelings for a hundred objects. As the being of God rises forth amid all other ideas and things, it awakens its own form of human sentiment. We call the feeling 'worship,' and can proceed no further in an analysis of the word.

Just as beauty is a part of sublimity, is akin to it, worship is attended by emotions that are near of kin. Love, admiration, are near relatives of worship, and possess in a humble form the virtues of their superior. If to worship God is of any value to man, it follows that all the kindred sentiments must bring to mankind some form of worth. Worship is a star that is attended by satellites—a sun in the midst of a system.

The value of worship does not accrue to the Deity, but to the worshiper. When the first offerings were made to a god, the mind that brought the gifts was still an infant.

The human intellect had not yet wholly escaped the feeling that God needs something, some gift, something that we may call a sacrifice. We do not sufficiently realize that everything is His, and that it is only egotism in us to offer to the Deity what was His before we made the offer.

A Greek general made a vow that if his god would help him win a certain battle, he would offer to that god as many kids as there were enemies left dead upon the field. When Solomon dedicated his temple he offered to the Lord twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep, it not then being even imagined that all those animals were the Lord's before Solomon had killed them; the oxen and sheep would please God better when they were roaming in peace on the green hills.

May we not say that worship is for the worshiper. It is the human heart expressing itself, and there rising on this utterance to some higher feeling and higher thought. As a father, friend or savior, God wants His children's love and hymns and prayer, but we must need them more than God needs them, for He is so rich, and we are so poor. We rear an altar to Him, but it is in reality for our own hearts, they so deeply need all those rich feelings that accompany the flowers and the hymns and prayers.

When the fire-worshipers offered their love and adoration to the sun they conferred no joy or quality upon the sun himself, but they drank in many of the wonders of their world.

Emerging from Zoroaster, they spread out into millions, even before Plato came to the world. Encompassed by the light and the beautiful flames of fire, all the results of their worship were treasured up in the human side of the service. The sun grew no brighter on Zoroaster's account. All the worship of his hosts did not make the sun paint

the roses of Persia in any more of beauty, or add anything to the odors of Arabia, but the human foot learned to step more tenderly upon the grass. The mind was wide and free as the sunbeams, woman was not a slave, little children were loved, the table was spread with richness, the home was a sun-bright spot. Thus the altar dedicated to the sun was most sacred to the human heart; the incense that seemed to rise to heaven did not, indeed, go away from the soul.

When we pass from the sun over to the Christian's God, we see that our Creator is too infinite to need anything from our hands, and that our worship empties its wealth upon the worshiper.

If God commands us all to worship Him, the command is for our sakes. We have a mind and heart to be made and molded, and if man can ever be great he must become such by worshiping great things. He must stay near the altars that he may himself become more divine.

We seem coming to an age when all the admiration and reverence each heart may cherish for the Son of Man will become a part of the heart's treasure. If we bless the noonday sun for his light, heat and beauty, we may have the light and the blessing. The sun is too great to need them.

If man loves the Christian Savior, that love will enter into the human soul to become a part of its spiritual treasure. When the fire-worshipers adored the sun they did not know how vast he was; that he was a million miles in diameter, and could cheer a thousand planets as easily as he illuminated this one world. Although unmeasured, that flaming orb poured his light upon humanity, and made the four seasons and all the life and beauty of the globe. It was enough for the heart. Those children of Zoroaster did not worship as astronomers, but as lovers of sunbeams. When the heart thinks of Christ it need not act only as a heart full to the brim of worship or love or admiration. The surprise ends at last in the new

truth, that the soul can love a sunbeam without knowing the diameter of the sun.

Worship is the name of the deed when the human mind goes to a great school. It rises above all common surroundings that it may be for the hour with God. The father does not need the child so much as the child needs the father. Man needs the vision of immensity. His heart needs to hear the solemn music of the universe. In his mortality he needs to draw near the source of everlasting life. In his weakness he needs to think of a will and power that can make a million stars wander in space, or can make common ground turn into blossoms. In his chaos of little things, man needs some being in whom taking refuge he can feel the presence of an everlasting harmony; of peace beyond peace, and joy beyond joy. If any one can not personally feel such need, he must confess that minds which have felt these needs have written, spoken, and acted for the human family. Great worshiping souls have atoned for the infidelity of the crowd. If not from our own worship, then from other hearts' altars has come much of the beauty of our race.

Note the vastness of that spiritual fortune that comes through the heart. Literature is composed almost wholly of what the heart loves and admires. As the painter paints for the sentiments, the sculptor carves what society loves; as music works wholly for man's delight and tears, so literature utters all its eloquence to the heart. You would not designate the algebra and the law reports as literature; you would not class as letters the debates on tariff or silver.

At the mention of the word 'literature,' human life in sadness or joy comes before us: Helen of Troy poses in gracefulness; Andromache and her child part with Hector; the plumed Achilles hurries along in his chariot; the woods whisper; the nightingale sings; Dante and Beatrice appear; Hamlet acts his part; Ophelia dies; Paul and Virginia make of Mauritius a paradise and a grave; 'Lit-

tle Dorrit' is the beautiful dove of a prison; Fantine sleeps in a hillock which soft rain levels and flowers conceal. Literature is not learning. It is man's holiest passion. It is the soul rushing out of the holy of holies.

Man is made great by the sentiments. Touch literature anywhere, and the human face flushes. The strings of that instrument called 'letters' are fastened to the heart. Therefore, literature is that thing of prose or poetry that awakens the sentiments of the human race.

Through the heart's gates all the arts and literature make their entry into human life; through those gates the worship of God comes, akin to literature but higher, akin to music but more sublime. Worship should no more be the result of fear than the love of the arts is the result of fear. As man loves music because it is music, so he should worship God because of the beauty of God.

Perhaps we are coming to an age of worship rather than of theology. It is easy to imagine a period in which the Old Testament and the New Testament will empty all their holy and beautiful things into the public heart. If any mind shall not love all the holy books let it take a part, as Linnæus did not espouse the earth's rocks and waters, but only its plants. If one can admire Paul let him read after Saint John. If worship declines at some one spot, it will rise on some other page, as we are often unmoved by the great ocean, but can cry at the voice of a song, or sit down in deep joy in the leafy woods. One thing is essential—to find some path in which the foot can always advance with reverence; for reverence, worship, admiration, are the mighty educators of our race.

It is said of some eastern nation, that if a guest admires anything in the home of the host the host must give that object to the guest. It would be cruel to send the guest home with longing but empty hands. What is thus told in fancy of some unhistoric state may be told in truth of man's greater world, for what he worships is instantly his.

Admiration, worship, is possession. Man cries out,

'I admire the sun and the stars!' Henceforth they are his. Nothing can separate them from his heart. He admires music. Ever afterward it is in him, of him, and for him. They are inseparable. Man is God's guest. God gives him what he worships in the infinite house. Worship is not for God, it is for man. We are in God's home. He says what you love is yours.

It is the custom of logic to reason from the lower to the higher, but it is often fitting to argue downward from the higher postulate. From the worship of God pass down that admiration of beauty which so fills our age. As worship enchains man to his Maker and detains him until he is ennobled by so great an association, so all this lower admiration of beautiful things flings back some rich coloring upon the admiring mind. It would be a blessed hope for our youth if they could always have open to them some beautiful gateway. No school-house will ever open like the school of the sentiments. The worshiper becomes like his God.

When the modern critics in the church and out of it are enlarging upon the mistakes and upon the historical childishness of the Bible, they should not forget to tell us that there ran through the whole Bible period a something that was no mistake, a something whose history rises up before us as real as the earth itself, and as beautiful as its four seasons, as magnificent as its June. That something was worship! Theology came and went; the laws of Moses were passed, obeyed and repealed; fables were told and forgotten; Paul and Apollos differed; James and John were unlike—but in worship all seemed to meet, and the Jacob who saw angels on the night-ladder is beautifully akin to St. John and Paul, and all are wonderfully akin to our age that sings the one hymn of the whole race,

'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'

In days of universal complaint and unrest, the heart

need not be empty of good and peace. The worship of God is an unfading flower. It cares no more for human theology than the skylark cares about the size and distance of the sun. Behold the unchanging goodness of God! The leaves have come back to the forests. Trees a thousand years old are bedecked again in verdure. The roses that bloomed for Anacreon have come back for us. The olive trees that wove a shade for Christ are in our world still. The carpet of flowers and grass is spread upon America again. It was unrolled before the feet of Washington, and now it is unrolled for us. The worship of God need meet with no end or decline in the human heart. It is a lifelong beauty and a lifelong happiness. Joy is the flower of love, and the more infinite the affection, the more perfect the soul's peace. Life will be full to overflowing to the heart that is a worshiper.

THE OUTDOOR AGE

One of the best books from a learned German writer of philosophic fiction is called 'Homo Sum.' It is aimed against that old and still existing effort to set up an antagonism between the soul and the world. Out of the old idea that God cursed the whole earth because of Adam's sin resulted a belief that to despise the world was the first duty of virtue. By some means the same idea made an early entry into pagan ethics and customs, and in the practice of contempt for all earthly things the pagans outdid the Christians. In many parts of India virtue and religion are still measured by the atrocities man can commit upon his own body. The more deformed the body the more perfect the soul.

The book, 'Homo Sum,' was a plea for all of God's world, as being also man's world. 'I am a human being,' and, therefore, light and sound and perfumes, day and night, land and sky and water, friendship, love, ambition, and happiness are for me.

Why should man have been placed on a planet that was not for him? If we could conceive of a fish as becoming the victim of a philosophy which should teach it that its highest aim should be to keep out of the water, that the less use made of water the nobler the fish, we should possess then a good illustration of the Christian doctrine of despising the world. Or, if we could conceive of the birds as passing a law that the more a bird should walk and the less it should fly the better for its intellect, we should again be able to estimate the folly of all the human contempt for the earth. In that book, 'I am a human being,' a self-made and most miserable hermit was compelled to go down the mountain-side each day to carry from a little spring a jug of water in which to soften

some crust of bread. Could the poor fanatic have dispensed with the crust and the water, he would have done so, but even great virtue can flourish best in a body that is not dead, and so to find water the hermit had to go down to a spring. At last, as he came down from his cave to the spring, a child came up from the rich valley below, and there death met life; there groans met laughter; there the wrinkled forehead met a beautiful face; there a withered heart met a heart full to the brim of realities and hopes. The philosophy of the child was the stronger, and after months of logical meditation the fanatic broke away from his cavern and made a friend out of the many-sided planet. The only necessary thing is that the hermit who abandons his cavern and the child that meets him at the fountain must be lovers of what is right and good. They must not be animals or barbarians. They must say in the highest of all senses, 'I am a human being.'

'There is a natural body,' and there is a spiritual body. The natural is the first one, and afterward comes the spiritual. And so Paul might have said that there is also a natural and earthly soul, and that it must slowly work its way toward a higher state. But to trample upon earth's flowers is no part of this progress. Shutting out the world is of the same import as putting out the eyes. Man has no more right to destroy the objects to be seen than he has to put out the eye that sees them. In some parts of India women live in houses whose windows do not open to the outside world, but only into a little court. It is harmful for them to see the sunrise, or sunset, or to see the objects of street or field. If the natural world of these women is thus taken away, how can any spiritual world ever come? It has never come to one of them. They are mere infants in intellect, and in all the forms of power.

Our part of the world stands nearer the ideal path of duty, for the great outdoor life and philosophy are the preliminaries to the highest form of man as a spiritual

being. As man's language came from sensible events and images, and at last became spiritualized, as man's religion began in material conceptions and thus proceeded toward the spiritual, thus man himself may make the natural become a bridge, or a chariot, or a ship to carry him over the space between the earthly and the divine.

It is well known with what enthusiasm our little children play with the materials of our world. The spiritual does not come first. The heap of sand, the pond of water, the little wagon, the cart, the fields, the trees, reach them long in advance of any of the spiritual ideas. In the New Testament the children are seen as playing funeral long before they had any conception of the certainty and sadness of death. Thus man meets the whole natural world long before he can reach or reveal a high spiritual nature. His earth precedes his paradise. It precedes, not by accident, but to make it. Earth is the cradle and youth of the soul.

America is the great outdoor nation passing along in an outdoor century. Our politics, our religion, our ethics, are all busy, not over the ideas that once entertained the wise men of all times and places, but over those that pertain to man as related to other men and as related to the public welfare. All the millions of India have always looked in upon the hidden soul. The roving wise men have asked the poor myriads to look into the mind and mark its likeness to Nirvana and its tendency thitherward. The external scene was forgotten. Those countless millions have done little but study death, transmigration, and annihilation.

In all these centuries manhood and womanhood made no progress, because they were not looking at themselves in reality, but only at some strange panorama made by an inventor. Suppose a child were reared in perfect seclusion and was permitted to read no book but the 'Arabian Nights'; would not that child soon expect his

house to have come from rubbing an old lamp? Would he not expect secret doors to open at the word, 'Sesame,' and disclose him caverns of gold? Thus India was secluded and educated, and when its millions looked anywhere they looked into the mind to note the working of its wheels.

The Christian dispensation was much less wedded to these internal fancies. It came in part from Jews, Greeks, and Romans, and was born with some sympathy for man, as related to earth. Compared with the far East, the Hebrew nation was simple in doctrine and practice. If we compare the psalms of David with the Hindoo dreamings, we find a most intelligible simplicity. When to this Hebrew common sense we add the Greek and Latin practical wisdom, we have a noble origin for our Christianity, and we find some promise of its great future.

And yet our Christianity refused to take firm hold of the external scene. Its early scholars all turned toward the abstract and internal, and were fond of nothing so much as of making a survey of the mind and soul.

Should we listen to Abelard in the twelfth century, we should find him reasoning wholly within the circle of unthinkable theology. He was learned, eloquent, acute, and poetic, but his thoughts and writings all related to the nature of God, of the trinity, or the human mind. The people flocked to hear him as our multitudes flock to hear Webster or Clay, Gladstone or Castelar. When Abelard, worn out by labors and calamity, fled to a remote woods to live the life of a hermit, he awoke one morning to find hundreds of students from Paris pitching tents around him under the trees. They had brought tents and food that they might again hear the old stream of eloquence. They were students of philosophy, and they wanted to hear more about the Holy Ghost and man's intellect. Of this strange period orthodox Romanism and Protestantism still contain many a trace.

Our age may be called the first great outdoor period

that ever dawned. This condition is not wholly one of peace. It is full of unrest. The questions of protection or free trade, of gold or silver or paper money, of suffrage, of labor and capital, of ownership of land, of traffic in distilled drinks, of education, of municipal governments, are all too many and too practical to create repose for the million. All that the old millions asked was that some teacher would pass along and say something to them about God and the soul. In parts of India to-day, when a wise man passes through the streets, the people flock around him that they may hear over again, some dear old words about the mind and the soul, as before death and after. Those words being spoken, the people take up the external world as they took it up two thousand years ago. The field, the shop, the home, the citizen, the husband, the wife, are out of the world of reflection. The people hear once more about the soul, and their philosopher takes a sacred bath.

Religion has become simplified, because the age asks of religion what it asks of the tariff, and of gold and silver—its relations to daily life. As modern thought asks, what are the relations of the railway to society, thus it asks for the import of morals and piety.

The students of Paris that encamped in the woods around Abelard had never heard an utterance about capital and labor, or about the meaning of money or land; what they loved was the ability of their master to bring the logic of Aristotle to bear against some scholar who had said something about a spirit, or about eternity, or a free or non-free will. All these new religions and ethical congresses spring from this new age, which is estimating with care and an infinite love all the sides of human welfare.

As a great orchestra is constantly tuning its instruments, that its music may be the more delicately perfect, so modern thought is attempting to tune the great assemblage of human hearts. Nothing is of any value except

the good of humanity. The earth is a harp for the human hand to touch.

All this external philosophy is yet new. The human mind has been kept away from the earth for many thousands of years. The church and state in the past have never permitted the mind to ask anything about money, industry, trade, the farm, the home, the rights of man or woman, the rights of corporations, or the right to hold land. Millions of acres can go to one person, and millions of money to one name. Never was an age so overwhelmed with enigmas. The past has collapsed. It was built upon sand, and great is the fall of it. We are asked to hasten and make a wholly new world. The past has glided down upon us like an Alpine avalanche. We must clear it away and rebuild on a spot where no avalanche can come. But all this rebuilding must be done by the men of the most learning and the most honor.

All these questions relate to the natural body, and out of their solution comes the spiritual body and soul. It is with civilization as with the mind. As the soul demands that the natural body shall be strong, its eye bright, its hearing acute, its foot strong for standing or marching, its brain large, its food temperate, its drink healthy, its heart buoyant, its cheek pink, so humanity asks that its money, its industry, its form, its home, its trades, its arts, its social life, shall be the perfect body of the great public being.

We all know there is something wrong in India, something wrong in Africa, something wrong in Siberia and Russia, so we know that America offers to her millions a cup that contains some drop of poison. The anarchist offers a cup that is all poison. The destructive mobs are fresh from the ignorance of Europe, and can think only with guns and stones. They know nothing of the human world. They dream of free money for all, of free land for all, of carriages for all to ride in. Next to this dream comes the idea of killing the people and the

nations that may doubt these Arcadian sentiments. We all know there are defects in America, but the republic is too grand and too beautiful to be murdered.

Religion, politics, and philosophy have left the 'den' and have gone out of doors to find the happiness of the human family. This 'happiness' is like a child lost in the woods, and dense and dark and full of wild beasts is that woods that lies between us and the far past. Modern thought and love will search its mountains and rocky ravines, and back will they come at last with the lost child smiling in their arms.

It is evident that the greatest part of man is his soul, but the civilization the world needs must not be one that shall produce a few great souls, but it must be one that shall create a great society. We do not ask for an age that for each beautiful mind shall grow a million beggars, and a million drones. There is call for an outdoor philosophy that shall save the hundred, as well as the one. On the wide-spread wings of the natural, society must fly toward the spiritual.

Happy age, in so far as it is working out a definition of money and of labor, so far as it is educating the people, so far as it is using the elements for its toil, so far as it is pleading for the universal right, so far as it is making religion a companion of a pure character, so far as it is making the people into a king and is transforming supreme wisdom into law, for all these external things are the chariot in which man rides toward his divine nature. Man will rise with his world. This new form of thought has helped build up around man a more infinite realm. It has created a riches like that of the 'Arabian Nights,' only a glory not imaginary, but real. It has not paused in definitions of money and labor, nor in machines and inventions. It has moved on, and has made the farm a thing of honor and joy; it has made the common home as sweet as a palace; it has made each square foot of nature rival the canvas of art; it has made the sighing of

the wind a part of all music; it has made the sounds of nature all eloquent; it has made all the tints, from the violet to the rainbow, fall in joy upon the spirit. The kingdoms of color, sight, and sound have had their boundaries enlarged. Man is now the crowned king of a group of empires, each one greater than the conquered world of Alexander. Think of the kingdom of sound! Cowper says:

> 'Some chord in unison with what we hear,
> Is touched within us and the heart replies.
> How soft the music of those village bells,
> Tolling at intervals upon the ear
> In cadence sweet!'

Oh happy day for religion and philosophy, when they broke away from the old pagan and Christian prison, and ran out of doors. They are coming back to man now with more of beauty and spirituality than he can hold in his heart.

In the sublime philosophy of Jesus Christ, after man has spent seventy years in this scene, his soul is ready for transfer to some world more beautiful still. Were man not afraid of death, and not chained here by golden friendships, he would perhaps at last say: I am ready for a second, sweeter world. I have seen spring come seventy times; three score and ten times have I seen the green fields return; three score and ten times have I seen the harvest ripen; three score and ten times have I made the autumn leaves rustle with my foot, and have seen the birds fly away to where eternal spring abides. Why should not I also fly away? Why not go to some external world a thousand times better—a new paradise that may pour a richer spirituality into the infinite urn of man's heart?

UTILITY AND BEAUTY

It is very difficult to treat aright the theme of utility. There are many who look upon the word as standing for the opposite of beauty. The art-lovers and the pleasure-seekers have long made great sport of the men and women who have stood on what is called the practical side of society. A popular French writer confesses to a great contempt for the aphorisms of Benjamin Franklin. He mourns that Franklin should have told the young men of America how to save money and how to make money, and said that 'if a man will take care of the pennies, the pounds will take care of themselves.' There is a general impression that the highest type of human nature must live in the clouds. There must be color, light, music, and poetry in the air. If this kind of humanity touches the ground there must be violets under foot. In the 'Lotus Eaters' Tennyson unwittingly describes a great mass of actual people. As art and all beauty grow, this crowd is liable to increase. It is not easy to harmonize the practical people of the world and the poetic, æsthetic multitude—the Franklins and the Angelos; but there can be no doubt that the whole race ought to meet in the prosecution of a true utility.

It is not to be wondered at that the word 'beautiful' is compelled to play so great a part in the conversation and writings of the day. Useful things are often so full of adaptation, so full of human welfare, that it is not doing violence to language to call a locomotive beautiful. We are all unwilling to offend angels and Murillo by the remark, but when we see a vast engine hurrying a great train along the slope of the mountains or across the blossoming prairies we must all feel that the great iron machine blends with the beauties of nature on either side of the

road. The power, the swiftness, the endurance of this instrument are ideas which are in themselves very attractive. Niagara reveals power, it reveals long continuance, it tell us of the great forces of nature, it suggests much, and summoning up all these qualities we declare the cataract to be beautiful. If a heavy engine awakens the same sense of power, we do not hesitate to call the machine beautiful. The utility of the machine ought not to rob it of a single æsthetic laurel. The author of the universe does not seem to have been partial to simple beauty; He seems to have made a great entanglement of beauty and utility.

When the railway men first began to cut down the hills of England, and to destroy the old lines and curves of English fields, John Ruskin mourned over the victory which money seemed to be winning over the taste which had come down from the long past. It is possible that time has softened the judgment of Mr. Ruskin, for time has covered the embankments and masonry with wild poppies, grass, and ivy, and has revealed the ability of the railway to carry great men to and fro rapidly; to carry a family in happy peace—the infirm great-grandmother and a group of descendants passing down in years through twenty to twelve to the little child of only one year in this world. All are borne along as in a home which can fly. The mind and heart can hold city and country both, and thus double their world. Language is thus made one for country and city. Each separate mind lives not in a little hamlet, but in a world. Great carloads of flowers, fresh from gardens fifty miles away, are distributed in London before the night dew has dried on the rose and the narcissus. When man begins to meditate over the money-making power of the railway he can make his reflections end in the department of beauty.

When Franklin urged the young men to take care of the pennies he must have had in mind all that those beloved pennies would buy. We must measure his econ-

omy by the kind of objects he had in his mind and heart. When he first set out from home he felt deeply the relations of money to a good meal and to a night in a bed, but when later and better years came, all his economy was only a philosophic method of reaching good results. One cannot but admire the money-saving power of youth which in middle life founded the public library at Philadelphia, and later toiled to found the university of his state. He touched society at all its great points. With his flying kite he touched its science, with his integrity he touched its morals and religion, with his love of knowledge he affected the education of this period, and with his political wisdom and ardent love of freedom he helped found a republic. Blessed, indeed, is that economy which pays the board-bills of such a wide-reaching soul. His maxims about money were based upon an intellect which thought slavery wicked, and New England rum vile. The maxims of poor Richard urged the age onward toward purity, temperance, industry, forgiveness, and all the virtues of which man is capable. The march of Napoleon over Europe is a painful picture in comparison with the peaceful advance of Franklin over America. Now, when both scenes grow dim alike on the horizon, the richer colors are seen hanging over the home and fields and grave of the utilitarian. The man who aimed heavy cannons is eclipsed by the author of a people's almanac.

Utility is the discovery of a good end of the best means to that end. It is a repudiation of all harmful and useless labor and expenditure, not only that man may escape a vice, but that he may have time and means for prosecuting some good. If a traveler has only a week in Jerusalem or Rome, he must visit only these objects which are most deeply marked by fame. Man, the individual, is not to belong in this world. A few years, and he must go far away. Utility is the most profound study of a short life, that it may be made longest and greatest in its experience. When Horace said, 'See carpe diem,'

make use of the present, it is to be feared that he was only talking to the pleasure-seekers of the declining Rome. Utility did not rule the world in the time of Horace. The educated mind did not attempt to make a brief existence vast in events, but rather made it full of the pleasure popular with gluttons and drunkards. Horace was highly endowed with poetic taste and with mental powers, but he had not that conception of utility which created the great men of our era, and which, indeed, created the entire western civilization. If we ask, What made America? the answer can not be made in the word, beauty. Such an answer would lead us to wonder why Turkey, Italy, or Spain did not go in advance of the Franklins and make a great republic on the Mediterranean border. If beauty could make a great nation, great nations would grow wherever the beautiful might wave her graceful flag.

The answer can not come in the word wealthy, for Mexico was rich in all her past years, and Spain and Peru, and, indeed, the Middle Ages were all rich in gold. If gold could make an America, St. Petersburg and Moscow would soon possess all the great attributes of the United States.

As beauty and wealth did not create this western spectacle, so religion cannot stand as the reason of its existence. Christianity is a sentiment. Under its emotion lies the vast fact of the Roman church, under its feelings millions have been murdered; under its flag hundreds of students and scholars have gone into retirement, and have limited life by cave or gloomy convent. It made Thomas à Kempis spend seventy years in solitude; it made Pascal wear a girdle of thorns. Religion never taught a single lesson of duty, never lifted up a single soul, or a state. It is an emotion, not a wisdom. Utility must interpret and guide religion.

If beauty, wealth, or religion cannot find a nobler state then whence comes a great nation? Each great country is formed by the play of utility upon all the emotions and impulses of mankind.

When beauty contains some application to the higher wants of society, then it helps man. The nude in art has probably never aided humanity in the least along the path of any progress. It cannot propose a great aim, nor a good way of reaching that aim; it cannot awaken a nobler sentiment. The face of an Apollo, or a madonna, or a Christ may inspire and may make all the world seem nobler, but the old coarse realism cannot inspire a single person or a period. Society may forgive it, and thus establish its own generosity, but it cannot possibly find in it any valuable form of sentiment. That kind of art came before the human mind had begun to dream of a spiritual beauty. In order to help society, art must contain the power to awaken what is best in the soul. Art itself when it deals in its greatest ideas, becomes so moral as to be akin to religion. The greatest eloquence is not always that which utters some new truth for the mind. It is often that speech which brings out what had long been within us, but had been silent in a deep, dreamless sleep. Art is a moral when it awakens the heart and makes it seem how religious it has long been. As our age is rapidly striking a vulgar realism out of its literature, so must it eliminate it from art. No beauty can stand if it be harmful. Society can not confess the existence of an injurious beauty. The utility which entered so largely into the composition of the Franklins and Stewart Mills and Cobdens and Brights must mark out the path of beauty. All true beauty must lead man onward.

The true interpretation of life being that it is an effort along a great path to a great end, it remains that our politics and our social customs and our religion must find the best path to the highest human welfare. The old politics is rapidly dying because it was too careless of usefulness. It could study the comfort of a few thousands, and leave the millions in infinite wretchedness. Despotism was full of decoration. It built in great magnificence, it carved and painted, it spread for the few 'a cloth of gold'; but

humanity cannot live upon ornament alone. There must be some hand which can lead into the rich fields of education, morals, justice, and liberty. Monarchy is dying because the human family can no longer endure the absence of all the things it most needs. To displace the absolute monarchy has come the government through the defined rights of a constitution. But what is a constitution unless a grouping of great ends the whole people should reach through the least thorny paths?

What most perplexes the free nations is the difficulty of finding the best paths for the multitude. Some roads are open, wide, and visible, but some are so hidden that all the statesmen of the present age are still uncertain where the truth may be found. Although political insight fails at times, it has seen clearly enough, in the most of hours, to separate the American people from many a grief and send them along the highway of a great career. Of this great advance, utility has been the perpetual watchword, and the same word must remain on the banner of the future. Men of thought, the new Franklins and new Jeffersons, must open this land again for a new study, and find for the whole people still better ways to still better ends.

If the study of the beautiful is endless, there being always a greater theme and a greater artist, so will there always be a greater utility than the one which is now blessing the living generations. After John Stuart Mill had expressed fear that there would soon be no new tunes for voice or instrument, the German and English worlds burst forth into new music, and created a tidal wave of melody. It was as though the beautiful goddess of music desired to make the whole world smile at the philosopher. Students of our country need not fear that their lessons have come to an end, that usefulness has been bound; and the unhappy need not fear that wisdom has completed its task. Utility is just as infinite as music. Great pages are yet to be annexed to the laws of nations,

and many existing laws are to be torn from the book of rights. It was possible for Germany and England to pour out upon their peoples a new flood of music, it is just as possible for those nations to plan for their millions a higher right and a nobler freedom. Indeed, the morrow can easily become so glorious in right and liberty that to-day will seem, in the comparison, all beclouded with injustice.

Along with utility in politics, moves utility in social and private life. Social life and the individual are under obligations to make all things harmonize with a good path to a good end. It ought to be a universal maxim that nothing which injures can be a pleasure. In the great economy of God or nature, all beauty and pleasure are to contain within them an element of usefulness. The flowers we admire for beauty are also useful because they exalt us. The music we hear relates us at once to a higher life. Man does not know how great is his soul until he has sat for an hour under the spell of some perfect music. It assures him that he is divine. His eyes fill with tears because his past was so quick to fade and his white hairs so impatient to come. While we listen, a full consciousness of the present blends with memory and hope, and the heart is full indeed. To hold one alone is enough, but to have all three worlds of truth and dream rushing into the heart at once—this is to be enlarged; it is to have the heart wedded to the infinite.

The fine arts are no fuller of beauty than of usefulness. Music would be the most useful of the arts could we only have it always near us to come at our call. Painting, sculpture, and architecture are always within reach. Man can build a gallery for his statues and paintings, but he can not thus ever make music his own. It is always carried about in some living soul. A Tennyson can leave behind his poetry, Thorwalsden and Canova can leave behind their impressive marbles, but a Jenny Lind can not leave behind her her song. Music would be the greatest of all

the arts did it not have the power to carry so much of its magnificence down into the grave. Thither man cannot follow it. Yet music rises up as against this great defect, and so reaches the whole world's heart, and reaches the human soul in so much of purity, that it does not fall short of being the greatest of all the ornaments of our earth. It helps lead the multitude along the great path to a great end.

When one thinks of useful pleasures, or useful beauty, one becomes bewildered with the breadth and luxuriance of the scene. When from one city thousands fly in summer to the woods, to the lakes, the seas, the fields, they fly not toward beauty alone, but toward personal gain. Like Franklin, they are saving the pennies which compose physical and mental power. While the solemn trees are waving over us, we know not which is the greater, their beauty or their usefulness. The fields, which are carpeted with grass and bowers, add health to man's cheek. But the majority of interjections are exhausted upon beauty, the rhapsodists not being aware that under the paths in the woods, under the long rambles of thinking men and romping children, lies that same utility which helps man found a noble republic. Utility, only another name for nature's love for humanity. When next the pines in the mountains make their rich night music over your couch, that couch which brings isolation from care and toil, do not fail to think of the utility that is interwoven in all that attractiveness of the pines. The breath of the pines is not only a delightful fragrance, it is life. Like the railway car, the pines carry us onward.

The philosophy which rules the state must regulate the conduct of the church. If the state and art, and even nature, is each full of human welfare, of such an end the church must be full, and the doctrines which were once abstract, or which were cruel, have already perished. The intellect which can read a state all through and through, can read a church as perfectly. Therefore, has

it come to pass that the statesmen of Italy, France, and Spain have turned away from the church, because the utility, which was the basis of the new politics was held in contempt by the servant of the old forms of piety. When the state is founded upon reason and welfare, the church can no longer be founded upon folly.

Christianity is betaking itself to the Sermon upon the Mount because there it meets with great paths to great ends. It there sees humanity in a wide thoroughfare which leads to a perfect human life. Nothing in our age is good or great unless it creates and exalts manhood and womanhood. God is glorified in the greatness of his race, and Christianity must measure itself by only the culture and happiness of the multitude. We are here to make a good world. Politics, art, and religion ask us if we are faithful to our task.

The fine arts and music and literature, great as they are, are not the end and measure of a human life. The fact that society lives by political truth, social truth, religious truth, and scientific truth, marks out for us the place for all the beautiful things. Were it not for music, we should live a less happy life; but were it not for agriculture, we should all die next summer. Painting is a delightful art, but were it not for political science, we should all be savages. Sometimes young people of an extreme style boast of taking no interest in the social sciences, they are so fond of music and society; but had not science come their music would now be a tom-tom, and their élite society a band of Indians. It takes utility to make a world, and beauty to adorn it.

Neither is utility the aim and measure of human life. To live for politics or agriculture or social science alone is to commit a sin against nature. This is to use only one half of the soul. If we are to plow a furrow to grow bread, we ask to be permitted, while we plow, to hear the morning bird and to see the blossoming orchard. The plowman is to be greater than his furrow. As the girl

must be greater than her music, so the farmer must be greater than his plow. The girl must reach up her hand and touch the realm of utility, and man must turn from his labor and visit the kingdom of beauty. To despise either social science or beautiful art is to pass through life with only one-half of a soul. Great buildings, made of iron and then adorned and shaped by art, stand as the symbols of man's life, for it must possess both delicacy and iron, plenty of high music, and the iron of deep thought.

If utility is such a sublime watchword of life, what must be said of beauty? In one respect it is the accompaniment of man's career. It helps make a great career, and then sings sweet music all along the line of the human march. Soldiers march, indeed, to music, but the march is not on account of the music; the music draws its meaning from the solemn tramping of the troops. How grand must have been the national hymns of 1776, when a vast republic, in all its infinite usefulness, lay at the end of a long, wide road. Often a great, useful soul is its own decoration. Many a statesman dresses plainly and acts simply because his relations to the state are all the embellishments he can wear. There is no place left for a color or a jewel. When we read the Sermon on the Mount we find no poetry, no rhymes, no imagination, no fine figures, but these are all rendered unnecessary by the silent majesty of the speaker and the vastness of His themes. The seamless coat and the cheap sandals are forgotten as we listen to the speaker, and see before Him the anxious human multitude—those strange heirs of two worlds! With a high utility to rule humanity, and with that beauty around man which impels him only onward, the soul will itself become like that of Christ, beautiful, and life itself will be a supreme decoration.

TOIL AND REPOSE

The contemplated forms of piety have all failed. Under them the mind itself has always failed. Our earth is industrial. It cannot be anything else without dying. There is no exception to the rule. The poet must toil, the painter toil, the musician toil, the child of science toil, the thinker and writer toil. As no heart is exempted from death, so is no mind exempted from toil. The law of labor rolls around us. Our heart is a ship on the wave, but the pagans reverse the basic law of the world and make repose a cardinal principle. By as much as a mind rises in that piety, by so much does it absolve itself of all action, and the lower classes are the slaves of the higher. A perfect piety, there is a blissful idleness. Out of this comes the men of the tent and the mountain. God is repose, and therefore idleness is bliss.

This was the doctrine that crossed over into Christianity and helped create the dark ages. When to reach any education and piety was a command to retire from the world, a deep cloud settled upon Europe, because all its scholars were in the cavern asleep, and not in the vineyard of God and man. A young genius said to an old monk:

> 'Oh, where is peace for thou her paths hast trod.'
> '"Tis found,' he said, 'in solitude and God.'

The young man believed the voice, and lay hidden in a convent for more than seventy years. There the summers went over him unseen, there all friendships died, and his body went back to dust.

As no art, or science, or philosophy, or good of any form is unattended by labor, so religion is not automatic. It is all to be worked out in the fields of humanity. Upon human life its words and tears must fall. Work does not

end in doing; it makes man's being, and what he does he is. If he does deeds of love, he becomes himself love; if he daily acts, he becomes himself an actor. He who exerts force, becomes himself a power. The Orientalist becomes a calm sleep, the toiling intellect becomes a life. Man becomes a freeman by giving liberty; Lincoln became what he did and what he gave. Washington was created by his action.

Certain elements crystallize and form the diamond, so human actions crystallize and make the soul. When the little girl learns to water the flowers, she waters her own heart; and the summer time she makes for her garden she makes for herself. The happiness man gives away stays with him; the heart that loves the colored sunset will, long after nightfall, contain all the poured out gold. The clouds hold the sunset only for a few moments, but the gazing soul holds it forever. The sun that sets once in our sight, sets evermore in the soul. The human heart is the only true Brahma. What it does it is. It can truly say with the Brahma:

'I am the blush of the morning,
I am the evening breeze,
I am the leaf's low murmur,
I am the swelling seas.'

Where man has been once, there he stays always. When we show humanity to a dumb brute, the dumb animal has blessed us, for it has made us humane. It has helped change a feeling into a powerful sentiment. Thus man's action is his own creation. At last doing becomes being, and thus the deeds of earth weave a character for immortality.

The genius of Hindooism is repose; the genius of Christianity is action, and this tells us that it is the religion of the future. In that future, where cars are to run rapidly, where wheels are to spin and knit and weave and print, where every square inch of ground will yield a blossom or grass or grain, where woman will not live for fashion,

but for life's action, where idleness will be deemed a disgrace, and where daily beauty will be equaled by daily utility, there religion will be an action, and there will flourish the simple, Christ-like creed, for His life was love and worship in full activity.

Christ was not an Orientalist. He was born where the Jews, Romans, and Greeks met. He seems now to have been a forerunner of our period, his labors were so incessant and so benevolent. He was not a hermit, not a simple negative, but only a divine mind and heart wedded to the highest philosophy of society. His teachings will fit the twentieth century as the sunshine will fit the hills and valleys. How that dear layer of light does silver all things, lake, field, tree, the human form! Thus the words of Jesus fit the old and young, the men of all parties, the rich and the poor, and when the millions shall assemble in that hidden day, these words and that life will contain the spirit of the new and advanced intellect. The logic that fills the future with education and industry, cannot but pour into it the morals and genius of Christ.

The truth is too great to be passed by, that the studies which made the sages of Greece and the power of the Latins repeated their natural actions in the youth of Jesus. When Christ began His public life He had been a student of mankind for more than twenty years. Socrates and his brilliant followers all confessed learning to be a refinement, the Latins repeated the maxim, one of them saying, 'It softens all manners, and will not permit man to be wild.'

Such a truth was as well known in Judea as it was known in Athens, in Rome, so that no picture of Christ is complete which shall take away from the Son of Man those studies which engaged the highest minds of all the lands which surrounded Jerusalem. Out of that long meditation came at last all the beatitudes and that rule which has been called 'golden' in all the Christian period. Standing in the world of His Father, and reading all the duties and privileges of the earth, so cultivated that no

wrong could escape His sensitive nature and no right escape His ardent love, He found it easy to say, 'My yoke is easy and my burden light.' Burdens remained, but wisdom and piety had lessened their number and their weight. He wept over Jerusalem, but He was lifted above all common minds by His ability to shed such tears. Blessed thought, that the people of the streets could not pass Him unloved! Happy heart, that it was great enough to weep for a world!

The activity of man along good paths is the created activity of his God. If the Creator makes roses by means of earth and sunbeams, so he makes principles through the intellect of man and utters His love through the human heart. The activity of an age is the activity of God. The Christian at least should feel that the action of the present is the motion of a flying world. We are all borne forward by a moving universe. Activity creates intelligence, intelligence creates sentiment, and sentiment expresses itself in love. If the activity of mind is amid act or learning, there the intelligence appears, and there the sentiment, and there the love of wisdom or beauty; but if the activity is amid human affairs, then there comes the intelligence, there the sentiment, there the passion. This is the order of sequence—an activity, then an intelligence, then a sentiment, then a passion. Thus the whole human family is employed from age to age making the world of humanity. Our activity, our intelligence, our emotion, our passion, are yet in the morning of their great career.

Seeing around us such a long movement forward of a planet and its race, we are justified in hoping that all the noble footsteps of man are the footsteps of his God, and are leading toward a time and a place where the work of creation will reach completion, and where all scenes will be beautiful, all sounds harmonious, and all rational life a rapture.

No one knows what it is to live until one has reached the power to thank each little bird for singing; each butter-

fly for the down and the color on its wings; the power to thank each friend for a 'Good morning'; each manly heart for its manly love; the rainbow for its arch; the sky for its blue; the violet for coming in the spring; the gentian for coming in the fall; the power to thank his country for its liberty and its progress; the beautiful for their beauty; the good for their goodness; the power deeply to bless the memory of the dead generations for what they did for us, their children; to bless the names of the heroes and martyrs whose fears of long ago have been changed into our joy; the power to thank Jesus Christ for each step He took in Palestine, and for those words that compose our philosophy, and for the moral beauty that entranced our world. When the human heart thus bursts with thankfulness, then it is joy and heaven to live.

FAITH AND HAPPINESS

If we note only the poets and the artists, we shall conclude that man needs little else than the æsthetic sense; that all will be well if only the mind can appreciate the beautiful in music and in the varied scenery of nature; that sensibility and all culture are the great aims of life. So great is the part taken by this sensibility that it may easily seem to fill the whole sky. When the poets and artists marshal before us the woods, the hills, the blossoms, the oceans, the lakes, the cascades, and at last human faces, the most ideal, the heart says: 'Oh, beautiful world, thou fillest me with inexpressible joy! It is enough to be near thee! I shall live near to thy wonders!'

In our day there is a great awakening in this department of the mind—the department of beauty. The internal sentiment has grown rapidly, and the external had been greatly increased in number.

The man who uncovered the buried Ilium has become a partner of the Homer who made Ilium immortal. The present asks that all old splendor be brought back and that to it shall be added a vast volume of rich creations, wrought out by modern hands; from Greece, through Europe to the Pacific, humanity is asking for all beautiful things.

When one is pondering over this wide revival of a sentiment, the idea comes as a surprise that our world battles with us and contains enemies that must be overcome. It is amazing to be told that our victory over it is to be won by a religious belief. Have we not been led to believe that a sensibility to beauty was the chief end of man? Does the world need anything of us more than the power of appreciation? Is it true that there are foes to be fought and that our victory lies not in our tastes, but in our

faith? Is it true that man can not always sit by an open window which looks out upon blossoming vines, and which admits colors and perfume and music?

The story Mozart died while he was listening to the impressive requiem, almost leads to the belief that a harpsicord contains the philosophy of a happy life and a happy death; but the fact is omitted that much of Mozart's music drew its sweetness from the worship of God, and that the requiem itself was a structure which reposed wholly upon the Christian's faith. Instead of being an end, beauty acted only as language for man's trust in his Creator. If Mozart's music helped the sanctuary, the sanctuary helped the music. The church supplied the thoughts which genius expressed in melody.

Man's world is singular in that it is marked all over with alternate lines of magnificence and misfortune. Our sins are as great as our arts. We are all walking along toward happiness and pain. It is a question of debate with many whether the sweet of human life equals its bitterness. Such is the world which faith can conquer. That serene trust can cast the discordant scenes into harmony. It overcomes the world. It has for many ages made millions of human hearts rise above sin and temptation, and has helped many millions, plunged into affliction, to find in the Heavenly Father a perfect peace. It is nothing less than a philosophy of human life. It so gathers up all things into the wisdom and power of the Deity that even death itself becomes a part of His beautiful plan. Poverty, disappointment, the loss of loved ones, the countless ill of time, are all flung into the great word, God! an urn which can hold all the tears of our race. Nothing is cruel, since a living God orders all things; nothing is crushing, since God is more powerful than man's adversity. There is no darkness which can equal God's light.

In the economy of the Heavenly Father it is the morrow that is truly great. The present is only an hour; the morrow is a great continent of time. A cloud may eclipse the

hour, but the morrow cannot but contain an outpouring of sunshine. There is no cloud great enough to cover it. To-day is a rain-drop, to-morrow an ocean.

No sentiment will so carry the soul beyond the dark present as a simple faith in God. It may well be called a victory. Its flag waves in the night. The poetic pen which tells us with what tears of joy the patriots looked out in the dawn and saw that their 'flag was still there,' wrote for the Christian as well as for the citizen; for whatever be the night and battle, the faithful heart sees the flag of divine hope waving in the dawn of the morrow.

Perhaps our age is working at a faith which will reach a greater multitude of minds, and weave for them a profounder peace. This we know, that our earth, with its race, having come from a God, it ought to be in Him and with Him and for Him. All of life ought to be good, because it comes from so great an origin. According to Mr. Lowell, it remains glorious even in the seventieth year. Faith says that man is a soul with God for its friend.

> 'But life is sweet though all that makes it sweet
> Lessen like sound of friends' departing feet.
> . . . . . .
> I muse upon the margin of the sea,
> Our common pathway to the new To Be;
> Watching the sails that lessen more and more
> Of good and beautiful embarked before.
> With bits of wreck I patch the sails that bear
> Me to that unexhausted Otherwhere.
> Whose friendly people's shore I sometimes see,
> By soft mirage uplifted, beckon me.
> Nor sadly hear, as lower sinks the sun,
> My moorings to the past snap one by one.'

When the old saint said, 'This is our victory over the world, our Faith,' he was so encompassed by persecutions and cruel martyrdoms that what he needed most was a power that could lead the heart through great sorrows; but this presence and goodness of the Infinite One do not any more lessen the evils of the world than enhance its good. The religious mind not only triumphs in dark hours, but

it triumphs also in sunny days, for all the sunbeams and grasses, blossoms and harvests, are beautified by the thought that they come from a supreme wisdom and benevolence. Not only does man need faith when he is in the vale of misfortune, but he needs it when he is standing in the vale of Chamouni or of Tempe, or the wilder valley of the Mississippi, for faith redoubles all the outpoured magnificence, and helps the mind with a victory over every beautiful sight, over sweet sound, every perfume. Height and depth become more sublime because they are the language of God. Thus Faith stands victor with not only all the sorrows of man, but all his joys at her feet.

GOD'S SPIRIT IN MAN

The term 'inspiration' expressed for the Latin race the presence of God in man. God was as delicate as a breath, and He passed into man's soul only as the air moves between breathing lips. Virgil was fond of this idea. He pictured Apollo as passing like a breath into the great soul of the Sibyl, and as thus filling her spirit with a full picture of the future. Other gods entered other souls and started the flame of love, or patriotism, or wisdom, or goodness. Many of the classic poems and orations begin with the prayer that some god would lend his presence and his aid. Thus came the word and the idea into the Christian religion. God, the Almighty, breathed into some men his wisdom and might. It becomes us, therefore, to think of a different kind of in-breathing—an influence which reaches an immense multitude, and reaches them now. We wish to live now in the midst of inspired men.

The modern form of this mental condition is an elevation of mind and heart—an uprising such as ought to follow should a god dwell in the soul. A mind may become so sensitive and intellectual that the world thrills it. It grasps the world. When the photographic process was first discovered, the person whose picture was to be taken had to sit before the camera a long time. Better materials and methods were discovered, and now the streaks of lightning on a cloud are caught as they run. The mind may be so awakened that it constantly perceives its world. It catches all objects. The old and the young, the high and the low, are pictured in the heart. The hills and valleys speak to it, and it hears. When the children play their image is instantly caught. The autumnal leaf, falling before it, paints its picture on this strange canvas.

The lightning is not too quick for it. Before it the world marches in a procession long and brilliant. The minds that have reached this power are the inspired men of our age.

Often an age has a thousand of such holy men full of the Holy Spirit, and then does the mental life run high. Often these gifted minds die more rapidly than they are born, and then the public soul droops and prays for better times. Then there is no one to show us our earth and our heaven. We are like the cripple in the Bible who lay on the bank of the miraculous water, but when the angel disturbed the water there was no one to put him in. We are in a worse state, for there are few angels to disturb the water.

Did any of us ever see a wild swan or a wild goose slowly passing across the sky by day or night? Not until Bryant watched the wandering bird. It flapped its slow, weary wings in vain until that one heart sung his touching melody:

> 'Whither midst falling dew
> While glow the heavens with the last tints of day
> Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
> Thy solitary way?'

The eight stanzas of Bryant take the navigating waterfowl from the pages of natural history, and hand it to the human reflection and love.

When we read Derzhaven's 'Hymn to the Deity' we seem never to have thought of God before. Our catechisms did not make God near or alluring. Those books of the church did not awaken us, but along comes the Russian poet, and at his touch all of infinite space seems full of a grand hosanna. The stars sing together, and the suns seem lamps in the home of our Father.

This song, added to Coleridge's 'Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni' and Dante's 'Chariot of the Lord,' can excel all the theologies of the world in the power to throw into our spirits the feeling that there is a God. The formal theologies may state a fact, but these statements

are like stuffed birds in a museum. What would the skylark of Shelley be with sawdust in it in place of that up-flying, singing soul?

'In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.'

Thus are there minds that can pour inspiration into other human souls, and thus raise the people heavenward.

When we look back and find how empty the ancient world was of inventions and discoveries, note that Greece had no printing-press, no telegraph, no steam-cars, no electric lights, and, indeed, that none of these things had come in the time of Dante and Milton, it comes as a surprise that those times and places possessed such mental giants. The surprise ought to pass away when it is remembered that an inspired soul in the Greek world was richer than a saw-dust soul in the nineteenth century. Pliny the Younger bought farms a few miles apart that he might read and write in the slow chariot that went lumbering along the country roads. Such a mind with its note-book in the first Christian century was better than a nineteenth-century soul shouting through a telephone. The greatness of a man or an age comes from the quality of its inspiration. Demosthenes extracted more power from Greece than Aaron Burr drew from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Dante drew more splendor from the Dark Age than Walt Whitman drew from this matchless period. The electric lights, the railways, the machines and the instruments have never made an art or a literature, or a high politics or an altar of prayer. Homer in his poverty and blindness was greater than all of them; he wrote a song that inspired the human race. What is greatest in our time, came to it from little Greece and little Palestine. Those things are of most value which most divinely inspire humanity.

It is a wonderful truth that our Christianity came up out of a being who had not anything of the material wealth in which we so delight. What a lesson it is that poverty and divinity may be full partners! What a lesson it is that man can reach no greatness that may equal spiritual greatness! Look at the splendor of our cities and our nation, and then remember that the merit of city and nation came from a homeless man, who taught in the streets the simple economy of a spiritual world. He had not even a desk or a book. He simply carried in his mind the wisdom of all the ages, and in his heart a celestial fire.

Washington possessed more zeal over a few distracted colonies than most Americans now living possess over a vast nation of more than forty separate republics. He was more deeply moved by the little coast settlements than we are by the grand tramp of seventy million. All depends upon whether the heart permits itself to be filled. The thing most to be feared now is a large republic peopled with money-seekers. No nation or age has been ever able to extract immortality from riches. Riches can move an age, but not along the greatest paths. The acquisition of wealth requires, indeed, a great amount of thought, but it is not the best kind of thought. It is not poetic thought, nor patriotic thought, nor moral thought, nor religious, nor beautiful thought. It is well known that a train-dispatcher must possess an active mind and be always on the alert, but his mental activity is not of the kind that makes civilization. That man is quick to watch railway trains. The mental activity that amasses riches is not the kind that made the old Platos and the old Miltons. All depends upon the causes of the activity. Captain Kidd's pirates may have been hard workers, but their work was not inspirational. The work of value is that done in the name of man's highest nature. The pursuit of riches may involve mental life, and yet be an industry that stops short of civilization.

That pursuit is too narrow for the human mind. The soul has to be fed on poetry, romance, religion, charity, knowledge, usefulness, beauty, and hope. It is too spiritual to sit down to a diet of gold.

Gold is not an object of value. It is a purchaser. To love it is to love a bookseller more than the book. He who has very much gold should at once purchase with it the world's oratory, philosophy, history, poetry, music, and philanthropy, because these things will make him an inspired soul. Money is an invitation to be great—an invitation too often declined.

The west opened a great summer school for the millions. All the world sent teachers and objects of study. It is not necessary for all our millions to have seen this great utterance and expression of the human mind. When our neighbors and our authors have seen the ocean, they have seen it for us who may never have stood upon its shore. We can hear of sorrows until we weep. We may not have been to the tropics, but we can all see palm-trees bend in the breeze, and can see the rich foliage of an eternal spring. The beauty of this one summer will pass from the million to the tens of millions. The beauty of Beatrice comes to us only in song; the sad face of Jesus is seen only in history. When such moral beauty once gets fully into society it does not ask for our eye and our ear; it is pictured in the inner intellect. The mind in its midnight, a thousand miles from Lake Michigan, can see the states of our nation, and the states of the world assembled in the name of human progress. As we can tell the meaning of Shakespeare without a theater, so we can with the eyes closed, perceive what other eyes have seen. The garden of olives still weeps in our age. We have all seen the cross on Calvary. Oh beautiful world, in which beauty once seen by few is seen by all and forever!

Encompassed by a most exceptional opportunity, the youth of the land ought to rise to the height of the hour.

Many of the young men are up in the heights, but a great multitude is down in a degradation worthy of only the times of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Many of these fallen and groveling thousands possess education and learning enough to make them the noblest of citizens. The truth is, nobody knows much. The earth and the universe are too large to be known. If one steps forward in science he falls behind in history and language. If he runs forward in law then art and poetry must be slighted. If he studies to be a statesman he remains ignorant of the rocks and the stars. The poet becomes incapable of prose. Thus nobody knows much. The greatness of man flows out of the quality of his heart and not from the quantity of his learning.

It need not be said that the studies in our schools are superficial, and can make only shallow men, for when we read the biographies of the most noble we are not confronted by great stores of learning, but rather by the beautiful color of the soul itself. Milton was the only poet that came anywhere near being learned; but there is no probability that he could make a survey of a field, or calculate an eclipse, or find the logarithm of the number twelve or fifteen. Dante's money gave out before he could finish a university course. He did not know much Greek; the Latin he wrote would have brought a blush to the cheek of Cicero or Virgil; but when we come to the quality of his mind and heart the scene changes, and we see all of the past and all his present pouring all their beauties into his soul. His mind selected with infinite taste.

Like Isaac Newton he walked upon an infinite shore, picking up pebbles and shells, but each pebble was a diamond, and each shell contained a pearl. What education Dante had found at college helped him, but that help was small compared with the power that came from his survey of the human world. As he chose Beatrice for a decoration of his poem because of her moral and

physical beauty, so he chose liberty for his politics, and Christ for his supreme hero. The march of his poem was amid music. It was always toward greatness. His friends in his journey were Virgil, Statius, and Beatrice—three names as snow-white as any in all biography. Virgil never wrote an immoral line, or an immoral word. Statius, coming a generation later, made Virgil his model. A wonderful pair, to be joined afterward by Beatrice and Dante.

It was not Dante's learning that made him assemble such a group, it was simply the color of his soul. He might have chosen Juliet for his heroine, for it is said she was a beautiful girl in Verona, when Dante was there. But Juliet was made for a sighing Romeo, not for Dante. The legend of her was dreadfully coarse, compared with the memory of the divine beauty of Florence. Dante was full of an inspiration that was better to him than a perfect mastery of Latin. So wonderful was it that it made his own new language, and thus gave rise to the eulogy that Dante, wishing to utter music, had first to make his own harp.

The plain lesson of all biography is, that a man of common education can become inspired. God and the world can breathe into him. Their own mighty spirit blows over him, and the heart rises to a new height. This is the end of indifference, for the heart loves their great means, and great ends; it is the end of idleness, for the inspired heart finds the days too short and life too small.

When the young Ben Franklin entered Philadelphia he had a package of bread under his arm, but the beauty of the scene was that the young America was breathing into his heart its own great breath. He slept on a wooden bench in a Quaker meeting-house, but we now see that his soul was on a pillow of roses. We can now see that the little meeting-house was a royal chamber. There is a colossal statue of him not far from this spot. The lightning up to which he is looking was in his soul before

he found it in the cloud. Nature had long been emptying her riches into that intellectual urn. Nature inspired the man.

When one's heart beats low and one's spirit sinks, then one must open some great book, and read often some master intellect. When the old men now here were young, if the fire died out on the hearth, some one went to the neighbor's for a shovel of hot coals. Such a memory ought not to die, for it recalls that world in which, when the fire of the mind is out, we can run for help to some volume where the flame is eternal. The earth is dotted all over with these everlasting fires. Some, indeed, are in Palestine, but the land of Greece is full, the land of England is full, and with these altars the new world is blessed. The vestal virgins of literature have kept their sacred oaths never to let these fires go out. In summer and winter, and in the darkest hours one can see the flames fed by these immortal angels, arrayed in white. Our young men are without excuse, for if inspiration cannot spring up within, it will blow in from without. God did not make this world that it might raise wheat for man's body, but also that it might inspire his soul. The flowers do not blossom for man's table, but for his intellect, the autumn leaves do not grow red for man's dinner, but for his heart. The wheat-field supports the body, but it does this in the hope that the body will support the soul. The silkworm spins beautiful robes for women in the expectation that her spirit will be after all the richest silk. A spiritual God would not have made this earth for man's body; it is all for goodness and beauty.

It is necessary for the young to be easily and instantly inspired. Let learning fill the mind with truths and pictures, so that one shall live not in a township or a country, but in the whole world, and not in the present only, but in all times.

Let nature inspire. Ask her for seasons to march before you, and they will gladly comply with your request.

For you, Spring will dance in the meadow and make her birds pipe the music. She will place roses upon your forehead, and fling lilies at your feet.

Let the nation inspire. It is an amazing ship built to carry its millions over the sea of years. Let the scene impress you, and pray for a peaceful sea and serene skies.

Permit religion to lend its pure exaltation. A small religion made by a little deity for the use of wicked and mean men will not be adequate. The modern mind can be solemnized only by a religion made by the Infinite, for a great race. Select for your teacher, not some little theologian, but the great minds of all ages, and with them the Prince of Palestine. As if these causes were not enough to make the soul overflow, the Creator made the earth still richer and richer. There is the human home with its overhanging trees, and its vines on the wall. And then there is the fame of personal merit in work, or profession, or art, or benevolence—in all a hundred gates carved and jeweled—through which the spirit of the Almighty sweeps like a great white angel into the souls of his children.

THE HUMAN MULTITUDE

"Those strange heirs of two Worlds!"

HUMANITY

Humanity is the greatest theme of study, and the greatest object of service. God is in the midst of it. It is the great Westminster Abbey in which all the faithful are to sleep. It catches the good which all do; it hears the wisdom all speak; it reaches out its hand and takes its 'tenth' from each and stores it away where no death can find it and no time erase. Whence came Dante's fame? His poems contained mankind. The ivy clings to the wall; his verses twined around the human heart. All eloquence, all poetry, have but one object—the advance of society. The brooks look toward the river; the eyes of the Hebrew maiden watched the hand of her mistress—thus all the great children of intellect and emotion have kept their gaze fixed upon the drama of the age.

The footstep of each mortal does not keep its own time; it keeps step with the world's advance.

'God bade the Sun with golden step sublime,
Advance!
He whispered in the listening ear of Time,
Advance!
He bade the guiding spirit of the Stars
With lightning speed, in silver, shining cars,
Along the bright floor of His azure hall,
Advance!
Sun, Stars, and Time obey the voice, and all
Advance!
Knowledge came down and waved her steady torch,
Advance!
Sages proclaimed, in many a marble porch
Advance!
As rapid lightning leaps from peak to peak,
The Gaul, the Goth, the Roman, and the Greek,
The painted Briton caught the wingèd word
Advance!
And earth grew young and caroled as a bird,
Advance!'

This wonderful march never began until man grew strong enough to distinguish between himself and his country or his people. The moment the individual began to cry out, 'O my country! O my fellowman! O my world and my God!' then began that forward movement which has swept our nation onward, and which is bearing all things into a still greater future. The intellect and heart became enlarged, and the mirror, which vanity holds up before its own face, is cast aside that the hand may hold the grander mirror which contains the world.

A classic, feeling the littleness of himself, said: 'A bird can fly across the whole heaven; why shall not I pass through a wider realm of truth?' Our age would reply: There is naught to hinder. Let him run everywhere, and see the extent of the human and divine kingdoms. No bird can race in the great blue sky against a noble soul. In a single hour our love could fall in a shower of manna upon the dying children in Russia. The eagle's wing is slow compared with the flight of love.

'Though we climb fame's proudest height;
Though we sit on hills afar
Where the thrones of triumph are;
Though all deepest mysteries be open to our sight,
. . . . . .
If we let no glory down
Any darkened life to crown,
If our grace and gladness have no ministry for pain,
We have lived our life in vain.'

CHRIST AND PAGANISM

No study of Christianity would be complete which should omit to mark the natural or reasonable relations which Christ sustained toward religion. After the modern student has completed his inquiry as to Christ as related to the Mosaic age, or as related to a Trinity or the Deity, he must enter one more field of thought, and must contemplate the Son of Man as acting in the character of a general advocate of the natural religion of humanity. When men stood around Him, with their hearts full of their own local faith, and full of fears for its safety, He told them to be perfectly calm, for He was not to be to them a destroyer, but only an advocate—a helper. He was to fill with truth and joy the cups that were only half full. He had not come to bring society a religion, but He had come because it already was blessed with such a possession.

Religion was so universal and valuable that it needed the best wisdom that could be brought to bear upon its teachings and practice. Not every little idea which each person cherished would be nursed into life, not each jot and tittle held by a particular Jew or Gentile would be fulfilled, but no true law of religion or morality would be swept away. Instead of a day of destruction, there would come a day of profound revival and advance. The advent of Jesus was such a picture as was seen when eloquence came to man and said, I have not come to destroy your words, but only to teach you to speak more perfectly; or when music came and offered to lead the human power of such utterance up toward a perfect song.

It is certain, however, that those who heard the words of Nazareth were far from being able to perceive the existence of any greater ideas than their own, and for them to lose a jot or a tittle was for all piety to fail. The teacher

was soon put to death, the populace being unable to believe that their daily religion was capable of being fulfilled any more perfectly than it had been fulfilled by their fathers and high priests. It was as though Mozart had volunteered to teach the American Indians music and they had slain him for attempting to teach so many as eight notes. Away with him! our tribes have used but three notes, lo! these many generations. It would not be safe to assume that all Christians who are now living are fully aware that humanity has always possessed a deep and rich religion, and has needed from the sky, not a new creation in the realm of piety, but only a helping hand. Very many persons have been so imprisoned within the walls of a special church that they have never seen the broad and fair landscape of that natural religion which has sounded like a great ocean rolling around the Christian church, and which was reason-of-being to the Jesus of Nazareth. He came because religion was already here.

On the Irish coast there is a great stone temple, which, when built, centuries ago, was almost a league from the sea, but which now catches the spray from the waves. The music of its organ is often assisted by the deep roar of many waters. The ocean helps the worshipers to chant their psalm. That sanctuary stands as an emblem of the higher Christianity of our age, for the tide of natural religion has slowly crept up nearer to its altar, and the hymn sung inside the structure reared by man is taken up by the great outstanding race. The church and mankind join in the melody.

It will soon be a confessed charm of the Christian religion that it brings to man that which is his own. The devout heart will soon say: It brings me back my own. It has traversed the lonely mountains, and has found and has brought back my lost one. It has not made the heavens or the earth, but it has redoubled the pageantry of the seas and has increased the splendor of the stars. It has elevated man until he has grown more nearly equal

to his vast surroundings. It has led him up to what was always his own rich estate.

There were revivals and conversions before those under Savonarola and Whitefield, and there is still a saving faith nourishing in India. What an impressive picture it would be could we see the time and place at which Epictetus met with a change of heart! What a scene, could we note the joy upon his face when to him, a slave, there came the peace which passeth all understanding! The scene was long ago, in pagan Rome, but the conversion was none the less complete. A great faith flamed out. The slave died unto sin, but lived unto righteousness. The catechism asks, 'What is sanctification?' The reply is in these words: 'Sanctification is the work of God's free grace, whereby we are renewed in the whole man after the image of God, and are enabled more and more to die unto sin and live unto righteousness.'

Epictetus lived before the name of Jesus had become known in the Roman empire, but not previous to the existence of God's grace, nor before that grace had become free. He and his God seemed inseparable. He was renewed in the whole man after the image of the Creator. His conduct and his pious words were in complete harmony. When speaking of the end of life, he confessed he should love, in dying, to have time to utter these thoughts: 'Have I, oh God, in any respect transgressed Thy commands? Have I not used properly the powers Thou gavest me? Have I ever blamed Thee? Have I ever found fault with Thy providence? At Thy command I have been poor, but I was content. It was Thy pleasure I should reach no high office, and I had been contented. Have I not ever come to Thee with a cheerful countenance, ready to obey Thy commands? It is now Thy will that I depart from the ranks of men! I depart. I give Thee thanks that Thou has permitted me to live in the world, and see all Thy works, and to comprehend Thy kingdom. Take back again all, for it has all come

from Thee.' Thus the facts of conversion and regeneration long ago lay in the pagan world, and where sin abounded God's grace did much more abound. Adoption is seen taking the Greek slave by the hand and leading him into the home of the Infinite One, an exact portrait of the loving, trusting, and advancing Epictetus. The catechism was like its Master, only fulfilling the natural law of the pious heart. It was not destroying, it was painting to the life.

Max Müller, in a recent essay, draws a picture more beautiful than even this image of Epictetus. It is of a pagan girl, who was born in India only thirty years ago. When only nine she was given in marriage to a youth of eleven. While moving along hand in hand like a new Paul and Virginia, these two 'natural minds' came upon not only the flowers of the field and the quiet haunts sacred to a holy friendship, but also upon the footprints of God. Little by little the clouds of idolatry rolled away, one by one their idols fell, and their whole sky became full of that inexpressible splendor which awes man into silence, except in so far as he whispers the simple word—God. These two climbed up to this rich thought that, God alone existed in the beginning; He created all things; He is intelligent, infinite, benevolent, omnipotent, the refuge of all, immutable, self-existent, and beyond all comparison; that by worshiping Him man can attain the highest good in this life and the next, and that this worship consists in loving Him and doing His works.

To live in the name of such truth, and in the liberty of such a faith and life, these two hearts surrendered their ties of relationship, and all the property which was following along from parent to child. The new truth seemed of more value than much gold. They would prefer to see the earth empty of all else rather than to see it empty of a deep and true religion. Cut off from their friends, cut off from society, from art, from the pleasures fabricated by man, they went daily to the great temple of nature, and

mingled their prayers with its sunbeams and moonbeams. Twice a day they held an hour of prayer—a service not full of formality, but full of bliss. When recently this young woman died, she died saying, 'Oh, Thou All-Merciful!'

While passing in thought and study through the pagan world, the mind comes upon such faces as these seen in old or new paganism, it can not but feel that man's religion is like his music, his art, or his intellect—one and the same always. In some lands or islands the natives use only three or four notes, but all who hear the two or three strings touched by a negro in Africa feel that those strains are full sisters of those touched elsewhere by Beethoven and Mozart. Germany did not come to destroy the sounds heard along the Congo or the Amazon, but to fulfill the great destiny of each tone. Very wide, indeed, is the empire of pleasant sound! Cowper was in it when he heard the bells of the village church:

> 'How soft the music of those village bells,
> Falling at intervals upon the ear
> In cadence sweet.'

That poet was in this empire who said, 'There is always a song somewhere'; that of the robin in the tree, or the cricket on the hearth, or the sea on its shore, or of man in his heart; here, too, was the Wagner when he wrote; here, too, that one who died amid the sweetness of his own requiem. As this realm of sound is one and the same in all its gradations of sweetness or sublimity, so religion has but one domain, and the noblest Christianity is only the old pagan heart restrung and tuned for a grander symphony.

As Christianity has been taught for centuries, Christ has been retarded by it rather than hurried forward. Very rarely has such blessed peace in God sprung up in the church as is seen in either Epictetus or in the Hindoo girl. Worship has been hindered by intellectual inquiry.

As merchandizing, trades, commerce, machines and inventions injure poetry, because they give the mind so many new tasks that it cannot but admit the pursuit of that old form of beauty, so the hundreds of ideas, debates and definitions cannot but lessen the play in the heart of that certain divine poetry which turns life into a communion with God and death into an indescribable triumph.

Nearly all persons who read the story of Soudamini, as told by Max Müller, will confess that they know of no American Christian of late years who has reached any such spiritual excellence as that reached by the pagan girl. The reason of such western inferiority cannot be blamed upon any defect in the gospel of Christ, for Christ Himself fulfilled all the ideals and hopes of Greek and Hindoo. Epictetus would have been a St. John for Jesus and Soudamini would have added another Mary to the early group. The inferiority of American and English saints must be charged upon the fact that they do not possess a religion of living and dying—a religion all brilliant with the colors of time and immortality—but instead of such a treasure they possess a wild entanglement of teachings which teach from the manuscript of Genesis to the manuscript of the Apocalypse, to keep which books in harmony and to defend each word from some enemy is the work of a lifetime. The churches have been like those ancient nations which exhausted all their men and wealth in defending their borders from their foes. The standing army drew all the nourishment away from the home and the field. Christianity has suffered greatly from the length of the border it has had to defend. It has known few hours when it could sit down in the world of perfect peace and enjoy the riches it had defended.

It has been generally forgotten that the Christian religion is of Oriental character, and was better fitted for inspiring worshipers than for endowing theologians with exact doctrines. All that European theology which was deduced from Palestine was the result of a kind of

violence done by a cold north to the glowing south. We ought to have loved most the fervor of early worship and to have caught that spirit of the south which cares little for logical systems, but cares much for persons and things, much for God, friends, home, and heaven. Christ ought to be carried along in some of His own warm utterances, such as 'Come unto Me' and 'Believe and be saved,' 'God our Father in heaven,' 'God surpasses the earthly parents in kindness,' 'In heaven there are many mansions,' 'All men are brothers,' 'All worshipers are one,' 'God's love includes the sparrow and the lily and cannot exclude man.' Thus the religion of Jesus once glowed like the tropics. When the early Christians met they did not meet to formulate a philosophy; only to sing and rejoice and to see from a vale of tears the waving banners of a better land. After all credit has been given to the snow and austerity of winter, it is summer that makes our world. Winter can be endured, but it cannot make an impressive planet. Out of the burning days come the harvest fields and the marvelous procession of life. In this glow of nature all things live and move and have their being.

Not all the southern religions have been true and good, but they have all been very full of sentiment. They have all been as fragrant as the spices and the flowers which they have grown under the sun. Christ came bringing at once truth and emotion. He uttered the greatest truths ever contained in any language, but He also painted like an artist and seized humanity ardently by the hand. He said to the Deity with Epictetus, 'Have I not done Thy will? Have I complained over that poverty which was my inheritance? Have I not met Thee with a smile? And if Thou asked Me to die even upon the cross, will I not go? Yes, I will go thanking Thee for the years I have had in this life.' Having cried out thus in harmony with the Greek moralist, He also spoke the final words of Soudamini: 'Oh, Thou All-Merciful.' Thus pagan-

ism and Christianity standing wholly apart for these eighteen hundred years, decretly meet tens of thousands of times in the heart of man, and go to different sanctuaries with one and the same infinite peace. In the life of Jesus Christ are these many lives fulfilled. He certainly came not to destroy such kneeling forms, but rather He came to draw such worshipers nearer the God whom they love. It is easier to lead to heaven souls which are almost there.

In estimating paganism it must be observed that their religion is no more beclouded than their acts, industry, and social life. Each branch of that life lies in a deep shadow. Not only will we carry to them our Testament, but they will come toward it, because it contains the simplest religion known to our race—the rcligion of Jesus when estimated by Himself alone. Christianity and natural religion are one, as the minds and the hearts which thought and loved in the far past are one with those which think and love to-day. The single thought that Christ camc not to harm any religious feelings, but to lead each pious heart forward, gives to religion a height and breadth which help it to scem true and compel it to be sublime.

WHOM SHALL WE FOLLOW?

Intelligent persons should be as proud of their religion as they are of their fondness for nature or art. No one can become happy in the presence of an evening sky or beneath overhanging trees without being glad that his heart contains the power to catch and feel these forms of beauty. This faculty brings one into near relationship with a greater empire than self and thus pours a deeper meaning into life.

As the common school-girl runs home saying, 'I have seen the queen!' 'I have seen the king!' lifted out of her common feelings by the vision of some person infinitely above herself, so all minds move more exultantly when they are looking upon or have just seen some spectacle of great charm or great power.

It is desirable, therefore, that persons of thought should possess a religion of which they can easily be proud; not a religion of which a fanatic might boast, but one which the highest intelligence could always contemplate with delight. Paul seems to have revealed this pride when he wrote that he was not ashamed, for he knew well the one whom he was following and trusting. The common multitude, which lives and dies far away from any infliction, had made great sport of the man who had espoused the cause of Nazareth.

In its effort to satisfy itself our age is meeting with great difficulty. It is anxious to know in whom it should believe and to find a repetition of the Pauline pride and repose, but each new effort arouses the stormy passions of those who steadily refuse to look toward the divinest ideal. If art finds many of its highest principles in all of the most enlightened nations, it would seem vain to make a study of the taste and practices of the South Sea islands.

Thus in Christianity, if Christ possesses a certain pre-eminence as the founder of a current religion, the modern Christian mind should turn toward Him and say with the calm apostle, 'I know him in whom I have believed, and I must push aside all objects which obscure the form of the great leader.'

If it ardently desires to know in what or in whom it shall believe, it will be compelled to part company with, not only Hegel, but with all those who have composed complex and obscure systems. It must travel toward those principles in which all times and all Christian churches agree, because only in those is there an end of obscurity.

Puritanism may have been a bold, hard politics and religion, but it never was Christianity. If Christ knew what Christianity was it follows of necessity that the Puritans did not. It was permitted the negro school-teacher in Virginia to teach the two theories of the sun, that it stands still, also that it goes around the earth daily. Between these two theories he kindly permitted his pupils to take a choice or to embrace both; but the modern churchman cannot so easily hold Puritanism and Christianity in the same heart. The Puritans were Christians indeed, but Puritanism was not Christianity. It was a political storm raised for the purpose of overthrowing a form of political despotism; it was not the perpetual sweet breeze of religion, but only a cyclone capable of leveling the lofty heads of things. It was a cyclone also so directed as to leave unharmed the homes of the Puritans, but to sweep away the property of Quaker or heathen, or Catholic. That age was Mosaic rather than Christian; for Christ having, with a great industry, toiled to displace the criminal code of Leviticus, the Bradfords and Pyms as industriously up-placed it and went forward cutting down unfriendly sects and establishing a company of 'the elect,' just as Joshua had done in the old epoch of darkness and cruelty. If the ethics of Jesus was true the ethics of

the Puritans was false, unless the church of to-day has found some method of making identical gross injustice and the most beautiful equity.

The justice of the Puritans was only a tribal honesty, not a Nazarene righteousness for the human race. When our New England was under this 'ideal faith' a good orthodox did not feel compelled to pay debts to them that were 'without.' A story was told that the regular saints bought much goods of a Mr. Faireclothe, but when they afterwards found that their creditor was not a Calvinist, but an Episcopalian, they refused to pay their debts, and told the man that money would only separate him the more fully from God and salvation; that persons outside the true church ought to be free from money and business, that they might possess more time for repentance and prayer. So instead of paying the man his due, the creditors simply cut off his ears, and whipped him, in the fashion of the period. As this story was written about 1640, it must be confessed a fair picture of a day when the welfare of 'the elect' made ridiculous the welfare of all mankind. A universal right and kindness were never a theme of thought or dream.

It is set down to the credit of the Puritans that they were true to God's word. Such credit comes from a modern, unbridled admiration rather than from reflection, for in order to be true to the Bible, one must first know what the Bible means. Governor Endicott was so fond of the Bible that he said that rather than have a heretic in his district he would personally hang every one of them, while Thomas Hooker urged as an argument for the extermination of the Indians, the promise of God that he would curse those who should curse his chosen people. These men all loved the Bible, indeed, but they ruined this love by not knowing the meaning of their book. The Mosaic law had been repealed, but the Puritans were not aware of the fact.

In 1815 the British and American troops met in awful

battle near New Orleans. Each army dearly loved its own country, and on the exercise of that love and its zeal the soldiers marched into the full storm of fire. Soon two thousand brave men lay dead upon the field. Alas for their patriotism! Peace had been made in England long before that fatal morning had dawned, but in that day of slow ships the news of peace had not reached the generals' camps. Thus Puritanism loved the word of God, but it fought on in zealous savagery, not knowing that their King in Bethlehem had signed long before a treaty of universal peace. Their master had come for the express purpose of destroying the Mosaic age, and so delighted were the Puritans with their Divine Master that they embraced Him and the Mosaic age both at once.

So wedded was this Puritanism to the belief in the welfare of a class and in the well-merited misery of the multitude, that the first protest against slave-ships and slavery had to come from the Quakers; and heresy had to win a great victory before New England could reach common justice or possess a literature, or a high civilization. New England founded by Pilgrims and the Puritans was carried forward and civilized by unbelief.

But this 'unbelief' had for its object not the world's great friend—the Son of Man—but rather those tenets which distinguished Puritanism from other phases of opinion. The mind-reaching work of power and reflection preferred the simple teachings of Nazareth to all the volumes of Augustines and Tertullians. Even John Milton himself died a rationalist rather than the orthodox Christian of that day. He was a free-thinker of the Emersonian type. Great must have been the power of Puritanism that it made a great man of the Milton who was an Arminian and Unitarian!

The Puritan principles distinctly did not give those men what religious success they may have reached. Fully as great success attended the religion of John Wesley, and yet he omitted many of the doctrines which had

been so significant in the former upheaval. We are, indeed, bound by such phenomena to look back of both centuries and see in the teachings of Jesus alone the only potency there was in both the Puritan and Wesleyan movements; and, therefore, the question 'Whom follow?' must receive the reply that we must follow only that One who has inspired at once each person and sect of the long Christian path. We can easily secure a copy of the New Testament—a little volume which contains all the good which has ever entered into any one of the Christian brotherhoods.

The character and whole history of Jesus Christ has been so complete in their power to transform and inspire, that they have equipped for usefulness a hundred denominations and possess still enough spiritual energy to endow with strength a hundred more sects, whenever it may please the fertile human intellect to invent them. The Palestine philosophy has been so true, so welcome, so immense, that instead of being created by the sects, any one or all, it has simply been too great to be destroyed by these successive forms of opinion.

Study Puritanism in order to realize how much Christianity could endure without dying; to realize how difficult it was, and will be, to ruin those doctrines of duty and hope which were taught by the lips which spake as never man spake. Instead of taking the past time as a guide—whether those times were Roman or Protestants—it will be better to read along over all those historic pages, in order to note where heaven has been with its forgiveness. If the little child appears on the page its treatment asks for forgiveness; if the poor man is studied the heart soon comes to a place, where the age needed forgiveness; if woman is made an object of contemplation, again the sky is seen looking down with pity upon even the sanctuary in which she bowed as a slave.

In these current years the question 'Whom follow?' possesses a new significance, because it may find an answer

which past times did not dare to give. Each foot finds or makes its own path. Hearts free but empty! With what shall they be filled? No modern need be empty, for our age has made more conspicuous and impressive a few doctrines of true piety. It is wonderful how few are the cardinal ideas of religion. Sublime things are never numerous. One great truth will, however, fill the heart. Why carry an empty spirit when one truth will fill it?

The Christian has all things when he carries his Master, the Deist has all things when he carries with him the supreme God. These hearts may, if they choose, carry also in friendship a few other objects, a Job, a Moses, a Homer, or a Milton, a creed, or a church, but the soul is not filled with these. The classic ships wore a wreath on the bow, but this wreath was not the valuable cargo, nor the ship's load of valuable life. Thus the modern child of mortality may if he choose bear along with him some trifle of worth or beauty, some thought from some school or genius, but his soul need not be full of anything but his Nazarene Master or his God. The heroic General Gordon relied upon one book alone—the Imitation of Christ. It suited all the hours that could come. He knew very exactly in whom he believed, and he was willing to send away all Puritans, all Arminians, all pagans, that he might in India or Africa be with One alone. It often happens in our world that the more idols the heart loves the poorer is its worship at any one altar. In religion it is not desirable to carry much in the spirit except the being of God. He becomes more infinite and more blessed when all smaller objects are left behind. In the realm of faith the heart needs little else when it holds its Savior or its Deity.

In the Christian religion Christ leads to the Father. Beyond doubt many reach the Father without being Christ-led. To believe in God and be in Him and with Him, should be the aspiration of all living in this age.

The Christians now living need look only beyond the discordant centuries and say to the form in Bethlehem, 'I have Thee, Thou leadest me to the Father.' It is enough, and more than enough, for the study of God can never be exhausted nor can the worship of woman and gratitude ever be completed in this life.

FEED MY LAMBS

With many millions the Sunday and the hour at church are the largest items of the whole week. If the service should not teach any new fact it often awakens the mind and sends it off in a chase after religious ideas and emotions of which the pulpit little dreamed. Often the hymn is more powerful than the sermon. Often the sunny day and some bright faces met at church surpass in effect both sermon and hymn, and the heart goes home touched with the beauty of the human race and with the wisdom and goodness of God.

Men and women who now boast that for twenty, thirty, or forty years they have not been present at a service in any church, boast that they can find nothing of value in the pulpit or pew, would better ask their hearts whether they are thinking of the essential quality of the Christianity of to-day or are still lamenting over the corruptions of Rome before Luther, or over the sad fates of Galiles and Servetus?

Some of these anti-church minds are indeed full of these old facts to the exclusion of the better present, but the explanation which meets most of these instances is found in the fact these cold persons possess no taste for anything apart from their special trade or pursuits. The soul can be taught to shrink down to the size of any calling, however small it may be. The soul is not only elastic to expand, but it is elastic to shrink. Many a gambler lives and dies with the beautiful world of literature, nature, and art all excluded, his soul having shrunk so as to fit only his art. Some of these men have lost their love of hills, fields, sea, and land.

Before parting with religion let us boldly ask our hearts, what it is that is coming between us and the study or wor-

ship of God? Is it only religion we dislike? Do we visit the poor, the sick, the prisons, while others less thoughtful and less kind are attending some church? Have we flung aside piety because we have found benevolence? If we have not been at church for forty years, have we found some practice more valuable to society and our own heart? Have we found something more beautiful than the altar? It is not necessarily in our favor that we have flung the church away. We may have been too narrow to measure it or too cold to love it. The great question is, What have we found in its stead? A pirate may fling away church, state, and home. Man must estimate himself by only what he adds to his soul. A dumb brute can fling away beauty—it is manhood and womanhood to find it.

With ideas filling the Christian church, why should any modern mind boast of any absence and isolation from the house of God? Are not the ideas of religion great enough? Are they not sufficiently beautiful? Foolish men, foolish women, to fling aside the modern altars of worship! They seem like the ancient tribe which did not know the value or beauty of gold, and made their rings and necklaces out of iron.

Let us not fall below a far-off pagan and expect any of the higher sentiments to grow upon a diet of endless labor and money and wheels. Sunday ought to bring us all two rich blessings—rest and certain exalted feelings.

One of the mottoes of political leaders is 'organize.' Many generations ago religion and Christianity organized, and each little church in the country and each great church in the city is a member of an organization noble and vast.

The highest mental progress was always found where there is most of intellectual liberty. The English church in London has been an organism almost as compact as that of Rome, but along came the free churches of all forms and grades, and in fifty years they have caught up

with their great competitor. Military form and precision may be valuable in an army, but they are poor things in the great realm of learning and thought. We do not want to be told to read Virgil or Homer, or die. You can omit the anathema. All we want is that you shall teach us the contents of these books. It is not necessary to say to us, Listen to this music. It is enough if the music be played for us. The main thing is to get truth before the intellect of the world; to place it in beauty and clearness before the whole people. There is demand for great activity, and great love, but the facts seem to show that the propagandism need not be narrow and intense, but it may be much like the widespread industry which scatters music from home to home, or which makes literature travel far and gladly. Nobody compels us to love nature. All speak of it; all write of it; all read of it; all come in from the country carrying a few blossoms—and at last before this propaganda all hearts bow. We need only blossoms.

It is a significant fact that under all the laxness of Protestantism religion and civilization have under it gone steadily forward. The military rule of the church in Spain has not made that land as happy as our New England, where Christianity has equaled the chameleon in the ability to change color. Once on that eastern shore the religion of Jonathan Edwards triumphed. It espoused the policy of non-intercourse, so dear to the Romans. It had no patience with Quakers, and was hot in its pursuit of persons not of its own name. But New England's mind could not grow in such a jail. For more than a hundred years there have been in those states as many kinds of sects as there are kinds of trees in the forest, and yet onward has gone a true Christianity. What society depends upon is activity of thought and deed within the channel of a divine goodness. No matter how often the chameleon shall change its color if it shall always be beautiful. Sects may involve a loss of money and love,

but there must be great industry in religion and great liberty. Out of such relations wonderful good ought to come. These pulpits are some of the school-masters of the century. It is a great question, What shall they teach?

The scene between Christ and one of His first missionaries ought to throw some light upon this inquiry. He said to this missionary, 'Feed my lambs.' Lest the agent might not grasp the order of his Chief, the order was repeated three times to the ardent Peter. Peter himself may have obeyed the Master, but the successors of the saint soon forgot two parts of the order—the fact of food and the fact of lambs. The lamb needs gentle treatment, and it needs the right kind of food. Christ gave his agent the proper estimate of the human lamb, and some example of the kind of food the creature should be permitted to enjoy. Man was to be the recipient of a daily compassion. When a little child he was taken up in Christ's arms; when he was thirty some friend was to give him a cup of water; when he was guilty of some hasty word or deed he was to be forgiven; when he was hungry and far from home he was to have bread made for him in the wilderness; if he wished you to go with him a mile you would better go two miles than not to reveal some kindness; he was to be sought for and urged to come to a feast; if, like the prodigal son, he had wandered far away he would find his father's house open, should he repent and wish to return home. When his Savior was dying He flung His forgiveness around among His enemies, as though their act lay wholly in their ignorance, and that but for this infirmity all humanity would be friends.

In the estimate which Jesus made of our race man was a lamb—the object not of cruelty, but of tender care. The relations of Christianity to mankind are therefore purely benevolent, and the forty denominations which in this land stand related to many millions of persons are only so many kind shepherds watching over vast roaming

flocks. A Latin writer said: 'Man is often a wolf to man. He often forgets his part as a shepherd and plays perfectly the part of a wolf.' An ancient writer says: 'What a guardian of sheep a wolf would be!' When the great Shepherd had been gone a few generations, the sub-shepherds were not slow into turning into wolves, and then did the lambs have a time of it for a long row of centuries.

John Milton was one of the first great men to look upon Christianity as a free offering to society, as an offering untended by any form of force; but even John Milton was not broad enough, for he wanted the Catholics to be excepted from this grand freedom of thought. Milton was like the early colonists, who believed in the liberty of all men except the negroes. Roger Williams was almost the first modern to believe that religion was to be wholly outside the pale of all law and all force. The Turk, the Papist, and the Protestant were to have one right and one peace. With such eloquence did Roger Williams advocate this view that he was soon ordered out of the New England camp, and after finding shelter for four winter months among the Indians, he created the little colony of Rhode Island and again turned men into lambs, and the clergyman into a kind shepherd. He it was who said that Christianity was wholly incapable of using violence to effect changes in human belief. One wolf may persecute a hundred lambs, but the hundred lambs could not persecute one wolf. He inferred that religion contains no wolf. Its only emblems are a shepherd and his flock. Our country adopted this idea, and with the downfall of fanaticism the little New England began to expand into a great nation.

Having seen that humanity sustains only gentle and tender relations to religion, that the church must feed the large flock, what kind of food must be offered to these free and roving minds? The food fed ought not to be the abstractions the schoolmen flung down before it. We

are all aware that many millions have been murdered by the church, but for just what crime we do not know. It is probable the shepherds gave the lambs wormwood leaves to eat, and then killed them for not thinking the stuff to be sweet hay. Distance dims the landscape. All we know is this: we should dislike to go back to the fifteenth century and recite over its pulpit this verse:

> 'And then when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
> Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.'

The flames scorched the silver locks of so many martyrs, the tortures twisted the arms of so many noble men and little children, that those words would stand as a falsehood too great to be overlooked by even infinite mercy. 'Feed my lambs,' said Jesus. Let the pages of history tell how man can be a wolf to man. *Homo homini lupus.*

The whole sky has changed. The blackness of the past has rolled away. The forty denominations are beginning to feed their flocks. Religion has been detached from endless abstractions, and is becoming allied to literature and all high education and morals. But its new affiliations are not yet complete. Christianity must become the full and open champion of public prudence and public morals. What are called the doctrines of salvation are not numerous enough to claim from the pulpit all the Sundays of the year. And furthermore, the 'cardinal doctrines' become wearisome when they are repeated each day for a long series of years. The human heart always sinks under monotony. Man loves the four seasons more than he loves a never-changing summer. Thus the churches, to feed the modern world, must speak to it in a new breath. They should confess the many-sidedness of man, the breadth and depth of life, the volume of his philosophy, and the need there is of having in tune all the strings of his harp.

It is essential for the pulpit to preach on the economics of human life, for if religion sweetens life, so life must

sweeten religion. The pulpit is deeply interested in the common welfare of man, because the common welfare makes faith in God and man more possible; it must spend one-half its time in teaching religion and the other half in teaching the rules of life. Christ did not say, Feed my lambs in the morning, and let the wolf take care of them after twelve o'clock. The order was to take care of a human life in all its hours and years. If we shall look at some of the oldest nations, we shall see what ruin comes from a religion which writes the songs of heaven and permits the devil to write the songs of this world.

At least one-half of the time of the pulpit and one-half the thought of the church must go, not toward religion, but toward the man who must believe it and love it. In our age it is not only the poor child and the ignorant person that must be spoken to and spoken of. There is a higher and educated class that has been led away from all spirituality. A large number of youth have put their hearts into the physical world until they have no soul and no God. They have quit the sanctuary because they have found out the great cheat about a divine creation. The worlds and all their contents were made by cellular aggregations. These young people can tell us how humanity came, and into what a dust heap it is going. Thought is almost an action of fluids. You touch a sensitive plant, it will wither. After awhile some plants will have the sense of hearing as well as the sense of touch. The time will come when the roses will not only smell sweetly, but they will sing. The apples will see, and the oak trees will think. Man is simply in advance of the sensitive plant. A touch affects that plant, a word will send the blood to or from man's cheek. He is an advanced plant, but he cannot avoid his destiny of dust. Such is the materialism that is emptying many a soul of all spirituality and of nearly all beauty.

The youth who can thus make the universe, and who have cut loose from all power of the Creator, may not yet

be a vast army, but they are a host too large and too valuable to be lost. They possess, perhaps, a college education. Their number, not immense, may be rapidly increasing. Their studies have for years been almost wholly physical. In the face of all which facts the pulpit must become the active and enthusiastic champion of man as a divine and exceptional being.

In all these young hearts there is a slumbering soul, half divine, but deadened by years of boasting science and of a dogmatic and enfeebled sanctuary. Science has been more eloquent than religion. The pulpit has, indeed, made great advance, but the scholarship and breadth has not been great enough to make the spiritual world rise up before us as an enchanted land.

Each age demands its own kind of food. What our land needs is a new exaltation of man as the child of a God, a creature of infinite outlook and thrilling mystery. All that pertains to man—his reason, his sentiments, his moral feelings, his taste, his genius, his friendship, his religion—must all be reaffirmed in language that will once more thrill and inspire. The pulpit cannot, indeed, demonstrate any of its spiritual propositions, but it can build up a feeling and a hope which can make materialism doubt its tenets and hush its boastings. All the beauty and impulse are on the side of a spiritual kingdom. Men would love it could they only hear of it the more and the more richly. There is nothing in materialism to be admired or loved. The mind must sink to reach it; the heart, to espouse it, must first empty itself of all noble affection. It must call the air and water its sisters, and must call the dust its destiny. A heart does not love to do this. A material age must act a long time upon humanity before it can separate the soul from its poetry and its heaven. There is something in man that compels him to look up and to long for a greater world and a greater life. It will take materialization a hundred years to break the human heart.

The church, having taught economy and temperance and industry, and having fought also for man as a divine and spiritual being, must load him with pleasures, but it must spiritualize these until they shall become worthy of a human race. When we think of the bull-fight, and the man-fight, the horse-race, the gambler's den, and the saloon, we must conclude with Emerson that life would be endurable were it not for its pleasures. It can stand its labors well enough, and its taxes and its poverty, but under its pleasures it dies. The church must battle for amusements all laughter and joy, but these must be in harmony with the high and great life. It must pluck sackcloth and ashes from the temples, but not to make the forehead brazen; the sackcloth must be withdrawn that roses may find room. He who painted the wings of the humblest insect will not sprinkle ashes upon the soul.

Especially should the pulpit and the church scatter flowers on the graves of the Union dead, for those awful battles and the awful carnage were planned by the blindness and weakness of religion. Christians in England opened a traffic in human bodies and souls. The pulpit was too weak or too ignorant to oppose slavery in its beginning. This false lead of England and Europe and church followed, and gave us the spectacle of a great crime reposing upon the form of Christ—wonderful picture painted by the church—Christ as a slave-driver! But such was the picture, and the church sat down and admired it until our nation saw fourteen states deeply injured by slavery, and the whole republic dishonored.

The church should bless the soldiers for having by their blood atoned for the cowardice of the sanctuary. The pulpit should adorn the battle-fields that brought to them the unsullied Christ of Nazareth and Calvary. The church should march as a penitent full of regrets that, wearing the name of Jesus, it made such a poor estimate of the rights of man. Had the church done its moral duty in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the nine-

teenth would have escaped the awful war of brother against brother, south against north. When a religion espouses a great wrong, then the sword and the battle-field must come. Violence must come when love has failed.

The term church once implied a society as definite and as secret as the early associations of nations, but at last it comes to mean a group of persons who meet anywhere for the worship of the Infinite Father. Should pious souls meet under the trees in summer, or take the communion out in a solitude of prairie flowers, they would place into the word church a divine import. The more great terms are spiritualized the more truthful they become. They are like the early and successive portraits of the human face, each having some resemblance to a higher humanity, but no one being an adequate image. The Egyptians failed most completely to catch the image of both soul and body. The Greeks reached a more truthful art, but it is confessed not full justice was done the human forehead. The era of Raphael marked a great advance, but his times could paint a face better than they could express the soul. Thus the human face and soul pass on, eluding all the long lines of artists. Such words as 'faith' and 'church' and 'salvation' are waiting for each age to paint more truthfully their whole beauty and their inmost spirit; each century must sit down by a new canvas and ask for a new sitting of all those objects whose beauties the whole past has touched only to mar.

It has become known that once in thirty years our planet earth moves into some zone which abounds in meteoric balls, and flashes and trails of dazzling light. No one knows what are or whence come these lamps in the limitless midnight. They are beautiful and impressive. Not otherwise the church, in regular periods, sweeps along into some wide band of flashing light, which make the whole air seem ablaze. Happy is the mind which has long watched with gladness these moving trains of bright-

ness and whiteness, and has realized all their impressiveness. Happy is the mind which expects new life to fall at intervals upon our race. As centuries pass, the intervals will become greater and the light more divine.

The church must be like a great literature or a great art, an invitation to man to come up higher. It may study science and love it, but it must run far beyond it and above it. Science is never a measurement of man or of his real world. It is a study of quantity not quality. Science says the evening clouds are only banks of wet, cold fog, chilly and chaotic. But the soul that sees them at sunset is not in those banks of fog. It is many miles away, and is in the realm of color, love, and thought. The Angelus is, in science, only some coarse cloth with most disagreeable grease and pigments spread over it. Put your face up into the green mess, and it will soil and sicken you. But we do not intend to get into the grease and stains. We intend to spiritualize the affair. We intend to stand back and see two noble human beings appear and overwhelm us with the sentiments that come and go in the kingdom of love and piety. So materialism says the rose is composed of so many parts of solids and fluids, but we step back from that analysis and say with Anakreon, 'O the rose! the rose! The favorite of the gods, the favorite of the summer-time!'

Thus must the church study and love man. It must run far ahead of science, and while materialism is weighing his dust, the pulpit must cry out: 'O man, man! The favorite of God!' If materialism wishes to push its face into the oil and pigments of the canvas, let it so act; religion must take her stand where she can see the human heart painted by a divine artist in a marvelous beauty.

The evolutionists possess this merit—that of helping all minds to study more the hidden nature of the world. The theories have awakened thought, and have broken up the mental repose so common to both the learned and unlearned.

They have done the public a kindness in many of the words and phrases they have popularized. All our young men and women can now speak about 'environment' and 'conditions' and 'correlation' and 'conservation of forces' and 'natural selection,' although the words cannot mean as much as once they meant, they stand now as a proof that all minds that think at all are looking more deeply into the nature of man and his planet.

Let us carry over into the spiritual world the words 'natural selection.' In the physical kingdom we may doubt the Darwinian idea. It is not certain that the fittest bodies will hold mastery at last, but it will be a most pleasant task to note that in the intellectual kingdom there is going on a perpetual selection, and that the weakest ideas are dying and the best are becoming more visible. But this selection is not that of dumb nature, but that of natural reason. It is nothing but a perpetual common sense acting upon all its surroundings. Xenophon told well the story called the 'Choice of Hercules.' Two figures called upon Hercules in his youth: the one offered him a life of simple pleasure, the other a life of usefulness and immortal fame. The demi-god chose the latter. The fact that the legend delighted the world two thousand years ago reveals the old popularity of the mind that could make the better of two possible selections. Our age is a Hercules making a new choice.

After all allowances are made for existing follies, it

remains true that the age is wonderful in its power of selection. All indifference is passing away; the mass of society moves along in an active, critical spirit, and is rapidly finding what is best for time and eternity. That enlargement of judgment, which began with Bacon, made society prefer liberty to kingcraft, industry to idleness, education to ignorance, all beauty to ugliness, and a simple religion to a faith almost buried in superstition.

The history of Christianity cannot vary very much from the history of politics or art. The statesmen of the world are busy in selecting those principles that will make society happiest and most moral. There is a perpetual sifting of old statutes. In each generation mankind makes known the more plainly its wants, and the legislatures hasten to gather up these wants in the form of enactments. Thus the doctrines of Christianity come at the call of our race, and when some old call has expired, the dogma which the call produced falls away from the volume of living truth. In the midst of all this scene the tendency is to choose the better part that will stay with us forever.

The method of art will illustrate the method of our religion. It took common genius many centuries to learn to paint or carve a good human face. The many features of the face were slow to fall into harmony. Each separate artist was a personal and despotic impulse, and if he had the right view of the forehead he was not to be trusted with the nose or the chin. The Egyptians seemed to have failed in the effort to delineate the human face. The nose set in too high up in the forehead; the chin was too small. We do not know how many experimenting ages preceded the Greeks, but they evidently enjoyed the advantages of a long selection. As there must have been a good literature back of Homer, so there must have been a good art back of Zeuxis and Phidias. But under the sky of Athens the final selections were great and true. The forehead was indeed a little too low, and the nose began too far up, but these errors seemed too slight to impede much the

fame of that noble country. In the later times of Raphael and Angelo, the forehead ran too high again, and the expression of the female face tended toward a serene stupidity. Thus, in this branch of art, we perceive a selection that was active for thousands of years.

In the halls of modern art you will now see faces from which the Egyptian and Greek and Italian errors have fallen, and in which faces there stands much of the final beauty of the human countenance. The history of art is the history of not only a long study, but also of a long erasure. The beauties which now exist are few compared with the erasures that are dead and lost. Each beautiful idea on canvas or in marble carries in itself the study of many centuries, and would sadden us could it recall all the faces that had died that it might live. Christian truths and doctrines reach their pre-eminence; they are slowly selected by the passing myriads. The favorite idea of some individual may be in time enthroned by the world or be trampled to death by the uncounted feet. For each true doctrine in our religion, a group of poor ideas have died. Some of the early Christian doctrines were only the efforts of peculiar individuals to stamp their own opinions upon society. The gloomy soul of Tertullian turned its own feelings of revenge into a theology, but when the average human heart sat down to think long over the dark theology, it rejected his thought. As it took the people a long time to compose in art the ideal face, so in theology centuries passed before Tertullian was sifted out of the store of Christian truth. Each time the public choice came to him his ideas had grown less dear. After a long time, when the day of selection had come back, he was omitted from the catalogue of guiding minds. He became dust.

There is a beautiful poem, of which the burden is that 'My own will come to me.' What ought to come will come, and at last the beloved dead will find the heart that owns them. The sentiment can be applied also to the

Christian theology, and could it assume a living form, beautiful as the persons of Faith or Charity, it might sing over the ages, past and passing, 'My own will come to me!' The Tertullians, the lordly magnates, may flourish for a season, but at the opening of each new century my own will be a little nearer to me. All that is foreign to my Christ will fall away in the long march. At last I shall join my own in ties never to be broken.

The simple doctrines of the modern church come to us as the choice of our race. The race is gradually selecting the better part.

To any who love to look back, and from the review of a century pass to a review of thousands of years, it is an impressive scene to mark the religious heart passing here and there, to make its selection from fact and fable, things sad or things joyous. It travels in the name of all human society, and knows well what the heart will most need. There are, indeed, defects in the Old and New Testaments, but when the angel of religion passed over the wide and long home of that book it selected for our instruction a paradise ruined by sin; a scene of flowers turned into thorns; it drew a picture of a patriarch walking by a holy faith, and walking toward a celestial city; it took the portrait of a man who so walked with God that he did not have to go to heaven by death—he passed in as though wrapped in the mantle of the Almighty; it wrote down the history of a race that marched away from despots to find the sweets of liberty; it detected the eloqence of the book of Job; it ordained a writer of sweet psalms, made him the poet laureate of Judea; it heard the fervent entreaties of the prophets; it watched for the coming of a Christ; and then again it gathered lessons and hopes for the vast throng that was moving across the fields of life.

The Bible is, indeed, not without errors, but it is a wonderful assemblage of high truths which the souls of all lands accept as their own. Wonderful work of eclecticism, in which the soul picked up its own in the dim twilight of

two thousand years! The whole Bible is an effort of society to find its God and its Savior and its final blessedness. The book contains all the sacred paths men followed, and all the songs they sung on the way. Their anthems and dirges are there.

The most popular of hymns in our language is founded upon that passage in Genesis which records the sleep and dreams of a lonely but hopeful wanderer. The scene lies in the early centuries of all history. In the far-off time, when there was no Europe and no America, a man of simple faith and trust was overtaken by night and weariness, and he had to make his bed under the stars and make a stone into a pillow. But to such a sleeper and upon such a pillow came a dream of angels. They were going up and down on a gossamer stairway, and thus were joining man's shadowy earth to the rapture of paradise. This story the heart adopted as its own. Before our hymn-maker paused over it, millions of mortals had trusted that their God would turn their sorrow into a final joy. At last the emotion of our race burst forth into the words:

> 'Though like a wanderer,
> The sun gone down,
> Darkness be over me,
> My rest a stone.'

Thus in all times society picks out what is best for it, and with its jewels rushes onward. It lets fall all else. It first clings to life, and afterward to each thing that makes life more dear. On the very field where this traveler saw his vision, there occurred afterward an event which, for the hour, must have seemed more tremendous than all others that had ever marked the plains of Padan Aram. Here, where the lonely dreamer had slept, marched in great pride a Roman army, commanded by one of the greatest generals under the sway of Julius Cæsar. Licinius Crassus here entered the bloody tumult of battle. Here he met the red hand of destiny. The Parthians overwhelmed him. He left twenty thousand of his heroes dead upon

the field. But to find this story you must turn the pages of obscure, dry history. A few years erased the traces of the battle, and left unmarked the soldiers' graves, but over all the lost glory of Crassus the ladder of Jacob sprang up again, to rise gracefully from the earth, to rest always, always against the eternal sky. Thus the heart knows its own wants. It must make a long journey whose end is in the grave. The journey and its ending weigh upon the soul heavily, and in its sad and deep inquiry it forgets the battle of the great Roman, and holds the stony pillow in perpetual reverence.

Our age advances as a great eclectic. It is letting fall much, it is making new choices with a greater wisdom and a deeper love. Life is not a chaos like a heap of ruins; it is a composition, like a great picture which is an assemblage of chosen ideas. The tree in the picture is a chosen tree; the flowers in the foreground hang gracefully; the water is limpid, it falls in a cascade, for then is it most beautiful; if there are clouds, they are dreamy; if there are faces, they are selected from the smiling million. Thus our faith must not come to us any more in thoughtless, chaotic form. The sweep of time has not only made the judgment strong, but it has made the heart tender. Society must pass over the world again, and picture out new details for its new canvas. Nothing can prevent this choice. Having strengthened the world's judgment, society must accept the result. The new heart will love only its own. Its own will come to it.

Ye strangers who may be worshiping in a new place, and among strange faces, pick up truths as you would gather flowers. Select only those of fairest form. You need not always leave your church to make this final choice. All our churches grow many roses among their weeds. If you must follow any one, be the slave of only Jesus Christ. As an artist, place Christ's picture in the center of your canvas, and select all the details that will harmonize with that divine form. Goodness, hope, piety,

philanthropy, moral beauty, all must point one way as rays of light point to the sun. You need not try to reconcile Jesus.

You will be upon earth only a few years. Let the days be all days full of rich and wise choices. As the children in May and June emerge from the woods with their arms full of flowers, glad over the richness of the day, thus may you come to your grave and to God, with your mind and heart full of truths and virtue you have gathered in the half gloomy forest of this world. Turn away from the quarrels of the intellect, as from the battles of Napoleon and Licinius Crassus, and hasten to see the ladder of the old traveler with its bottom down among the grass and violets, and its top resting against the wall of heaven.

A SCIENTIFIC CHRISTIANITY

There is gradually coming a scientific Christianity. It will never be as purely scientific as the railway or the processes in the manufactories, but it will argue from the basis of natural law and will repose upon reasonable premises much like those that were used by Sir Isaac Newton in his studies of the sky.

The universe having been fashioned by the Creator, man was endowed with the faculty by which he could acquire some knowledge of the universe, and by which he could make use of many of its contents and potencies and laws. Reason is the coming name of this faculty. St. Paul calls it the 'logical' faculty. If a Jew or a pagan should offer a dead ox or goat to a deity, that might be a religious service; but he thought if a man should offer his own living body to God the service would be more logical. The service which a live mind and a live heart could render would be more reasonable than a service expressed by a dead turtle-dove or a dead lamb. The service of a living mind and body would fall under the head of premises and conclusions, and would help compose a scientific religion.

All that man uses and enjoys has come from the logical faculty acting upon the material supplied by the earth or by the universe. There was once a race which so studied causes and effects in copper and tin mixed that its period was called the bronze age. The museums of the world are well supplied with the relics of that lost age and lost art. In the prehistoric times this human being was a reasoner, for in the lake villages, now submerged in the waters all around Geneva, in Europe, there is seen the calm and patient toiling from premises to conclusions, or from causes to results.

This is that human creature that is, in each generation, becoming more logical in religion. Man is related to the universe by his rational faculty. When he does not know the cause, he tries to invent one.

If the laws of the universe were not constant, man's reason would be of little value. When he discovers that water can be changed into steam, he may safely build an engine, for water will do so next year. We know that Abraham might have employed a steam engine, had he only known of such an instrument, for what fire, water, and a boiler would do now, they would have done six thousand years ago. Man's studies all take place in an unchanging world, and therefore the logic of to-day will be the logic of to-morrow.

Man stands related by his reason to every corner of the universe. He is even taking photographs of the nebulæ, and of the fires in the sun. Although the sun is ninety-three million miles distant, the process of Professor Hale took pictures of those flames which shot out from the moon's shadow like the spikes of a crown.

When man is thus viewed, as related to all the world and to all worlds, he ceases to belong to the common animal kingdom. As a creature he is gigantic. If the universe came from God, and each law is only a divine wish, then man's reason is only a power to read the language of the Creator. Logic can detect the wishes of the infinite. Logic is the ship in which man sails the infinite sea. Reason is the discovery of paths to ends, but the reason of the Indian noted the paths which led to the fields where the bison roamed; or to some spring; or to some river where he could spear fish. By as much as reason advanced, it made a greater path to a greater end; and soon we find the white man devising avenues that lead to education, art, happiness, and liberty. The Indian pursuing his trail, and Washington crossing the Delaware, are pictures within the confines of logic, cause, and effect, only Washington is pursuing a greater path to a greater

termination. All these dissimilar events illustrate the philosophy of man and his world, and declare that, from youth to old age, from barbarism to the highest culture, he is to draw his life from his logical faculty. This is the faculty that dispersed the deep night of the dark ages, and made the new centuries come. The scene may well remind us of the picture of Guido, in which the shadow is trying to fly away from the rising sun. The beautiful hours stand around the day, and seem to warn the twilight to haste lest she may soon be crushed by the sun's chariot. Thus reason came rushing along, and the dark ages ran away as if to find in some other realm a place for their mental night.

The classic book used to tell us that Lucifier was the great light-bearer. He was painted and carved, as if bearing a torch. Before he fell, he was the great light-sprinkler. But all is changed now. Our life is all logical. It is all reasonable. It came flashing out from such torches as Luther and Bacon and Newton and Milton and a group too numerous to be named and too great to be portrayed. The human mind itself became luminous. Its reason turned into life. It has illuminated three centuries, the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and the nineteenth, and with a beam forever growing more brilliant. It does not now seem as though darkness could ever again spread her pall over a world so bright. Reason has, with her right hand, pulled all of Europe and all of England out of the dark ages. It has remade all poetry, all art, all politics; it has fashioned all the sciences; it has made the old alchemist, who was seeking an elixir of life, become a Faraday or a Morse; it has made the old astrologer leave his fortune-telling and become a Newton or a Herschel; it has compelled the world, which burned women as witches, to fling open college doors to our sisters; it has compelled kings to discharge their liveried flatterers and surround themselves with statesmen; it has taken the state away from the will of a man, and has founded it upon prin-

ciples. The same science that underlies chemistry underlies our nation.

When the men around Pascal were asking why a fluid will rise in an empty tube, they concluded the cause to be that nature hates a vacuum. Pascal laughed at the monks. He said nature could not hate either an empty tube or a full one; so he went onward, and found that the pressure of the atmosphere caused the fluids to rise in a vacuum. Thus reason brought society a translation of an old, mysterious sentence. It deciphered the writing on the empty tube.

Those eight or nine Christian centuries which, between the ninth and the fourteenth, sunk like a second Atalantis, went down because reasoning had become a lost art. The Romans had slain the Greeks; vices and the Goths then slew the Romans, and over these ruins, speaking a lot of new tongues, crept some degenerate children of the Christian church with thoughts and writings which never touched our world at any point. The classics had thought deeply upon human rights and duties; Cicero and Tacitus resembled closely our Macaulay and our Charles Sumner. Virgil wrote on agriculture with all the realism of modern times; but in the sixth century, the last classic school in Europe closed its doors, and the intellectual world was turned over on the Saints Patrick, Margaret, and Agnes. When these persons wished for information, they fell asleep and dreamed out whole volumes of biography and history. Thus all the logic of Athens and Rome perished, and Agnes and St. Patrick came to the front. Then the centuries following began to sink. In the confessions of St. Augustine, which compose quite a large volume, there is certainly not one page that pertains to human civilization. Robbed of its cause and support, all Europe became submerged.

Reason came at last, and lifted up those sunken centuries. It changed savage dialects into languages. It took all the Agneses and Augustines to heaven and issued a

call for men to come who could write the truths of humanity. With Bacon, Milton, and Shakespeare, the submerged nations began to rise. On an enormous scale, the scene was like the return of the prodigal. Europe in its rags and poverty, said, 'I will arise and go to my Father.' Dreadful absence! reaching over eight centuries of swine, hunger, and rags!

If logic or reason thus holds in its hand the fountain and happiness of society, it must hold in its hand also the destiny of religion, and in a logical world you must have, sooner or later, a logical faith. Our Christianity must rapidly become scientific. A scientific man can no more love an unscientific religion than a musical mind can love discord. A logical age will rally around a logical religion. If it professes love for anything else, its friendship will be cold. The heart knows and loves its own.

When one speaks of a scientific religion, one cannot imply one that is purely such. The sciences of chemistry and botany and astronomy are not purely such. After Newton has made all his estimates, and has written out all his formulæ, he still finds a place for a God; and when a student of botany has classified all the plants, he can end his task by worshiping the Creator, who is the final explanation of all the blossoming foreground. Thus all the sciences fling open the gate of truth to admit the Deity. They simply follow laws as far as laws will lead. We do not expect figs of thistles because there is a God, but we expect figs of fig-trees because there is a God, and grapes of vines because there is a Deity.

Thus God and Jesus Christ may be the soul and center of a scientific religion, because the logical or scientific faculty can gather up all that part or religion that is determined by natural law. An arena remains for the presence and action of a Providence. We shall not ask the eagle to sing the song of the robin or the nightingale. We know that God made the song, but logic makes us attach a certain joyous melody, not to the eagle, but to the robin

or the lark. Thus our science is full of realism, at the same time full of worship.

The wave of science or reason or logic will roll on and sweep us all onward toward the ideal truth. The Christian church can travel in only one direction—that is, toward truth and Christ. There it will meet all human need and all piety. All other paths are closed. They will never be opened again.

Science, reason, logic, and law are one force, constant and irresistible. They are a form of Providence, they are the action of God. Therefore Paul said: 'Come to your logical service.' Your baptism is an emblem, your attitudes only shadows of some virtue, your slain lambs are only pictures of a sentiment. Come with your life, your thoughts, and offer to God a reasonable service. By science the arches of the temple rise, by laws the plants grow, by science the organ pours forth music, by law the grape hangs on the vine; so by law man can come to God and humanity. Do not come by baptism, or by any type or shadow, but come only as a living, thinking soul. Come by an invitation of Jesus Christ—that gate of both logic and pearl.

There is nothing alarming in this march of inexorable law. Of course it is inexorable, and works forever, for how can God change? Why should He ever wish the grape to grow on the thorn, or the fig on the thistle? Is it not enough that the grape and the vine are wedded for all eternity? Science will follow us until we shall find the good, the beautiful, and the true. It will carry us or lead us. Some bereaved and lonely hearts feel sad that the dead do not come back. They say, 'Lo! twenty years have passed, and the face once loved does not come back to me!' How can the dead come back? They are moving in another direction. Twenty years from now will the thistle bear figs? All our dead friends are moving onward. How can change come in God's law? This law, this science of the Almighty, is not cruel: it is beau-

tiful, it is sublime. The dead cannot come back to us. We must go to them. Thus there is a religion all overflowing with science. It contains the providence of God; its central figure and truth is Jesus of Nazareth; its duties are all valuable to mankind; its character is righteous; its love infinite; its destiny is a happy earth, and then a still happier heaven.

THE INTERVENING GOD

Man has not been long in life before he has learned to love it very deeply. When a child he loves his existence indeed, but he does not value and measure it as he does when, at thirty or forty, his mind has reached some ability to comprehend the soul and its marvelous actions in conscious being. Mrs. Sigourney once wrote a beautiful poem on a boy that was dying at the age of eight years, but the reader can see that all deep and tender measurements of the poem came from the mature poetess, and not from the fading child.

Man's existence is something so large and mysterious that he never fully sounds its depths, and at fifty or sixty he is more than ever overwhelmed with the fact that he lives. In the very early years he does not seem strange to be moving to and fro, eating, sleeping, waking, walking, laughing, singing, or speaking, working, playing, enjoying; but as the years pass the strangeness of the situation grows more and more evident. What pleases in childhood fills with awe the later years. The facts of hands and feet and a mind are enough to the school-boy, but to such facts all the later years add a long and deep pondering.

The love of our world grows along with this growing mystery. The whole scene is not much like a Waterloo, and the common hearts are not much like those two great masters of troops. The fields may be blossoming and full of multiform beauty, and the heart may be reading, or talking, or singing, but still the whole surroundings are so tremendous that the heart can not but wish that some friend or some answer would come. According to the gospel of Jesus, and to the highest philosophy of men, God is the needed intervention. In this strange and

sweet battle-field the heart can say to itself, 'Oh, that God would come!'

God is the great and needed intervention. If He canvasses the earth in behalf of the plants that do not toil nor spin, which do nothing but blossom, much more is He the mediator for the higher orders of life. If He cannot neglect a lily, how can He slight the human heart? The plants and flowers are not conscious of any intervening power. The sunshine, the soil, the raindrops, are all unknown to them. They are the constant recipients of an unknown love. When the mind passes to a higher form of organism—that of the bird, the deer, the horse—it finds no sense of dependence, no inquiry about who made the grains and the grass. The wild deer eats the tender leaves, but it does not ask for any origin of the bushes or the forest. All the swarms of life below man are cared for by an unknown love. Reaching man we find the scene all changed. A strange consciousness appears and a strange intellect that in the wonders of a battle-field, sad or beautiful, can cry out, Oh, that God would come! The argument of Jesus was, that if God intervenes in behalf of the lily, He must intervene for humanity. He is not a God of blossoms only, but of men.

Is He upon earth in person? We cannot affirm or deny. We do not know the meaning of the words 'in person' when they are applied to the infinite God. The word 'spirit' has undergone a great enlargement in late years. Instead of involving it in ruin, science has crowned it. Never was Christianity more spiritual than it is to-day. Our ancestors thought of the Creator as being a large king. He had hands and eyes. He was lord of war. He was centrally located, and had millions of messengers that did his will. All this physical imagery moved forward unchecked until it reached our century. Here the humanized Deity was set free from material. Instead of destroying the world's God, science did us all a great service by detaching the Creator from the phenomena

of material things. Science has made more visible an infinite gulf as yawning between mind and the earthly substances. All the great scientific students have in some manner confessed that there is something within the universe besides what they have found. While they were raising up a material world, which many feared would become a tower, from whose summit the sky would be invaded or pulled down, behold there arose silently a spiritual world, whose height is above all other heights, whose shafts sparkle in infinity. Never had man a more spiritual religion than that of our period. This blessed result comes partly from the fact that science has beaten the dust out of it. God as a spirit can easily be here.

The same study that has made soul rise up above the rocks, and the ground, and the water, has discovered a physical world a thousand times more refined than that of the Hebrews and the Greeks. No one knows what light is, but all know that something comes from the sun, and comes two hundred thousand miles in a second. If light is an undulation, something must undulate. A cause produces its effect ninety-three millions of miles away, and causes this effect in eight minutes. Recently some students in England joined in a boat-race. The result was told in America in five seconds after the race had been won. That which came from England in five seconds was a material traveler. The angel that thus flew over the Atlantic was not a spirit. It could not think, love, or remember, or hope. Its wings and power were made of earthly things. The messenger was not like the Mercury who did errands for the Olympian gods. That errand boy had wings on his feet, and had not far to go. This nineteenth-century Mercury is made out of wire, zinc, copper, and sulphuric acid, and thus constructed, can fly from Oxford to Boston in five seconds. Thus the material world has been revealed as having an undreamed-of delicacy. It moves away, softening and growing delicate as it runs, but it never seems to come any

nearer to that other something that thinks and speaks. Electricity is a very fine substance, and so is light, but neither of them can come any nearer than a log of wood can come to saying, 'I love,' 'I remember.' Between even the delicate sunbeams and the mind, a great gulf yawns. The delicate sunbeams can fall into the white or pink silks and satins of the Easter flowers, but, thus meeting, the light and the blossoms cannot say, 'Oh, that God would come!' If material substances can so journey, what must be the wonders of the spirit?

Materialism cannot span the gulf between matter and mind. It can make both banks more charming, but it can not occupy the gulf between. As the gardeners and farmers can make the shores of America and France more beautiful, can drive back the wild beast, and redouble the vines, palms, and harvest on either shore, but can not fill up the intervening Atlantic, so modern thought can trace dust until it becomes a ray of light, or a wave of electric ether, and it can think of mind long and tenderly, but it can not fill up the separating ocean.

A resident of this city taught a little spider to come at his call and receive its crumb of food. The creature's body was not larger than a seed of flax, its head was almost invisible. In that head was a mind. This spider soon learned to emerge from its little woven chamber and watch all the motions of human kindness. After two weeks of such friendship, the little eye would detect its friend and would hasten out from its parlor, and stand on that edge of its web which was nearest to its new-found human world. Here in this microscopic brain were memory and hope—not, indeed, the memory of history and poetry, but the memory of yesterday's kindness; hope—not of office or of immortality, but the hope of seeing its friend and its food. What can science do with such phenomena of mind? How powerless are all our laboratories to make that spider's mind a part of the world's dust!

Not far from the mind of man, and not far from the mind of bird or deer, stands the thrilling mystery of a God. All life has its rights and its awful mystery. Mankind should stand in reverence on the shore of a sea no intellect can cross. All civilization asks for the divine life of Jesus, and all our science asks for the intervention of a God. Our age has followed the paths of both matter and mind to an end; it has gone as far as reason can go, and now it more and more asks the Deity to come between. The ocean between the two shores is composed of the Deity.

While this great spirit is removed from human sight and touch, reason appears on the scene as God's will. Should it use its powers to the utmost and then obey its decrees, what a society earth would soon possess! There may have been other revelations of the Divine will, but these were in the name of some one truth of hope or practice; but reason is a perpetual voice, a revelation of ten thousand duties, joys, and hopes.

Reason has gone further still. It has led man from idleness to industry; it has made him prefer beauty to deformity; it has made him prefer a dwelling-house to a cave in the ground; it has made him study nature and enjoy the red cheek won under the sunbeams, and in the pure air; it has written down for man laws of health, conduct, and religion, and in all manners and times has been man's greatest friend. What folly it is of the human heart that can transform this amazing friend into an enemy of our race! Reason studied and obeyed will lead a child from the cradle up to a most noble manhood or womanhood; it will lead a nation from barbarism to a civilization better than any history contains. It will not discard a single truth, it will not mar the name or work of Christ, it will hand Him over to the people in a form more beautiful than any He has worn since He died upon the cross. When reason shall touch the cross, its wood will become gold.

Oh reason, thou strange revelation whose volume is never to be closed! To new generations, new pages will be turned by human fingers yet to come; over those new pages, eyes not yet in the realm of our sunbeams will shed tears of joy. If the many denominations of Christendom shall ever find a unity of faith and love, they will come to this harmony by reason's converging paths. Reason scatters chaff to the winds, and garners the golden wheat. It is the great ideal angel who spoke in the proverbs of Solomon, and who acted as the indwelling voice in Socrates. Under the name of Mentor it took care of the kingdom of Ithaca. Under that name Minerva acted some of her divine parts in the drama of life, and back the name came in later times, in an eloquent story by Fénelon. It is wiser than all the theologians of the church. It can create statesmen and republics, and can compel the infidel or the skeptic to mingle tears and hopes with his doubts.

What is this reason that seems the representative of our God? It is not the power that demonstrates alone, but the power that also weighs probabilities and that accepts not simply a positive certainty, but also a noble hope. The larger part of reason's work is done among the probabilities in man's life. It being confessed that the universe has two hemispheres—the one material, the other spiritual—there must be probabilities on either shore, and therefore reason must be just as busy with the world's spirit as it is with the world's dust. In a recent essay on Mr. Tyndall, Herbert Spencer says: 'He was unusually conscious that all physical inquiry leads to metaphysics.' Spirit, then, is just as real as dust. The mind of the little spider is just as real as its web. Reason, therefore, must study the data of the spiritual hemisphere and deduce from them all the high inferences the facts will bear. The universe was too large for Humboldt and Darwin. They lingered on one shore. So the life-long musician cares little for the picture or the statue.

The sun dims the stars, but the stars are there in their eternal places. Unable to know and love all the human race, man loves those that stand nearest.

Society can never afford to follow a specialist. Had the Greeks followed Phidias, they would have had nothing but statues. Had our age followed Beethoven, we should have now nothing but sonatas. Had we followed Napoleon, we should all be soldiers, and have nothing but war. Should we follow Darwin alone, at the nightfall of life we should be sitting down by a basket full of fossil ferns or fishes, dried blossoms and dead leaves. The specialist can add to civilization, but he cannot make it. The jeweler can fashion a diamond for a human form, but can not make a beautiful face or a beautiful soul; the special student can add some truth or law to civilization, but he can not supply all the thoughts and emotions of an impressive age.

The wants of a community are also the wants of each separate mind. Man cannot live for dust alone for he is in part soul. He cannot live for the soul alone, for he is in part dust. In some strange way dust and spirit mingle. Christ and the lilies met. There was no war between that religion and that science. Those blossoms did not say: We are the children of a future age; a coming age of cellular structure and physical forces. Could they have spoken they would in truth have said: 'Oh, Son of God, we, too, are the lilies of God. There is in us a mysterious life. Thou livest on the shore of immortality, we on the shore of time, but we are fed by the same intervening love. Thou didst utter the tremendous laws which the world calls the Sermon of the Mount, we are far below in wisdom and eloquence, but we proclaim the mankind prevalence of a spirituality, a delicacy, a refinement, a purity akin to the virtues seen in Thee. In us matter and spirit do not conflict. The dust in us only holds our purity up to the gaze of mortals. Science and religion are no more at war than the face of Madonna or

Beatrice was at war with her soul. The face needed the spirit, and the spirit the face. We are the blossoms of God.'

The Easter Sunday arose in Christianity, but it does not reach its noon there, and its star will never set. What began in Christ now reason espouses. Arguing from the spirit onward, reason asks for a second life. It says the greatest fact upon earth is that of mind. Man is evidently a child of the skies. Reason cannot contemplate him; cannot mark the brevity of his life, and contrast that brevity with his powers and ambition; cannot note his love of existence; cannot count his tears; cannot behold his virtues, his love, his friendships without bespeaking for him a greater and a longer existence. Reason says an Everlasting Father would want his children to be long-lived. He would not hurry Christ and all the holy ones back to dust. Life so awful, so great, so blessed, ought to be long.

Reason comes on this holy day, and asks for a part of the hymns and flowers. Science comes. It sees the gulf which only the Deity can explain. It bows and says to religion, 'Give me some of your lilies!' Blessed period that which at last will appear in our world, when reason and science and religion shall alike look upward and see, all resplendent, a world of human immortality and of God!

THE FULLNESS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION

In the Holland room of our picture gallery may be seen a group of girls dressed in white, and singing around a piano. Happy and beautiful faces are they, although they are the faces of orphans. The music they are singing is marked Psalm 146, verse 9: 'The Lord taketh care of the stranger; He preserves the fatherless.' That one painting is a sermon expressed in a language more beautiful than words; and yet that picture is small and narrow compared with the one which the one hundred and fourth psalm would demand were its ideas assembled upon canvas. Its thoughts would fill a gallery with scenes sweet or sublime. Nature and human life, the sea, the forest, the sky, the birds, the rocks, the ships, the trembling earth, the smoking hills, the setting sun, the rising moon, would each ask for place in the high eloquence of art.

The first thought awakened by such a gallery created out of a single Hebrew poem might well be this: What a breadth there is to our civilization! What an infinite number of ideas is contained in the highest order of the modern manhood! Once the soul asked for only one or two objects of utility or beauty; the modern great races attempt to hold everything in the heart; they demand that the world be flung down at their feet.

The same race that wrote the matchless psalms would not permit any paintings or statuary of ideal manhood or womanhood. Escaping from the Egyptian worship of images, Moses thought the best thing he could do was to prevent the painter and sculptor from making an appearance in the Jewish world. He therefore passed the law that no one should make any likeness of anything in heaven

or upon the earth. Tacitus says that in consequence of this law no statue was to be seen in Jerusalem in home or temple. But if that old Judea did not dare make pictures, it dared write down ideas which could burst out into pictures in a wider and greater period. Our broader civilization can take one line of Hebrew poetry and then ask six orphan girls to gather around a piano, and compel the old words to turn into compassion's tears. We love the painted images, and bow down to worship the strange mingling of the human and the divine. The problem with Moses was how to entice his people away from the local vices of his period; the problem of our day is how to find all virtues and beauties and happiness possible to mankind. Moses wanted something, we want everything.

It becomes more evident, in each separate stage of human progress, that our world and our race came from an infinite Author. The more society thinks and discourses, the more it feels that the unknown is greater than the known. Many of the old limitations are broken down that man may enlarge the arena of his soul. If God saw fit to make an infinite world, man must make some effort to appreciate at least the works of an infinite wisdom. We have no right to treat with contempt the plant that blooms or the bird that sings.

Perhaps the stage, long so despised and denounced by some, contains a form of most legitimate art. It may be a combination of picture and action and speech, three or four arts in one. If children dancing around a May-pole become to us an essay or a poem on the matchless beauty of spring, perhaps there are thousands of ideas which are made more impressive by the setting in life. As the jeweler can set diamonds so as to make a ring, a bracelet, or a coronet, so the gifted actors and their stage can take an idea, a sentiment, and set in such a manner that it will fill the intellect or entrance the heart.

The existence of mind is not a great fact unless there

can be an expression of mind. The mind is invisible. We cannot hear it, or touch it. A person asleep is a mind, but it is not an available intellect. The value of the mind sets in when the sleep passes away and expression begins. God, without any universe, is inconceivable. The universe is God's language. It is his beauty, his philosophy, his music, his painting, his statuary, his infinite utterance. There the human mind finds its destiny and triumph, not in sleep, but in its utterance. As painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, and all literature are only the speech of the spirit, so the drama is one more effort of the intellect to surround itself with a universe.

If a child in friendship gives you a rose, the outreaching hand and the smile of the child are part of the language, and the offering. If the child smiles sweetly, the smile is as delightful as the flower. But beware how you admit this, for this is the drama. A poet can speak of a flower; the drama reaches out to us the same blossom with a human hand and a human smile. Horace says that, 'sorrowful words are strengthened by a sorrowful face, and happy words by a happy face.' The drama is one of the many efforts of the mind to express its thoughts and emotions.

One fact is now most evident—that our civilization has become very wide, and is constantly admitting new thought and new pleasures and new duties. It can never be narrowed again. The problem of the new epoch is to make the river as pure as it is broad. Its breadth comes almost unsought, but its purity asks for watchfulness and labor. This matter of expression is not the law of good minds only, but of low intellects as well; therefore, when the art of writing came and men of genius began to compose noble books, then came also the coarse, the lost souls, to find utterance through written language. With the accumulation and value of property came theft, forgery, and all fraud, so through literature and the arts came the power to express all forms of depravity. As fire is a good friend

and a bad enemy, so each art easily becomes the enemy of the world. The welfare of mankind will not come from the breadth of its civilization alone, but from the purity of the stream. In an age when thoughts roll in like a flood, the age must redouble its efforts to make the intellectual world as beautiful as it is wide.

The Greeks had few landscapes. Many of their pictures introduced the supernatural. The modern gallery is many times wider than these of old Greece or modern Italy. In it we stand encompassed by thoughts. We are no longer in the Greek world, nor in the Anglo realm. We are in God's world, and the hills full of sheep or cattle, the orchard full of blossoms, the ships on the sea, the teacher and her pupils, the home, the garden, the greetings, the partings, have all come into art to flaunt their beauties between the pictures of heroes and all the old pomp of battle and death. The progress that has swept society along toward a greater liberty, a greater language, has carried it into a greater art. If also a greater religion has come, one that can present the most diversity into one harmony, one that can assemble the most men in one simple faith, such a wide religion is only what one should expect who passes through long avenues of pictures. As we say, Oh, art, how numberless are thy thoughts! so must we say, Oh, piety, how numberless are thine altars! how many-voiced is thy faith!

Once literature did not admit children. All eloquence and prose and poetry clung to adults, and to only a few of those persons. In order to enter literature it was necessary to be a king or a prince or a general, or the queen of an empire or of beauty. The present age saw literature open its gate to let children rush in. Scarcely has any modern poet passed through his flowery fields without having said some blessed words to children.

Those old portals of aristocracy, which would never admit any man who followed an industrial pursuit, have, of late, been fastened open that noble inventors and dis-

coverers and artisans may enter in, and the fame of statesmen or President awaits the manhood which once learned wisdom by reflecting in the silence of shop or farm. A farmer's cart may turn into a chariot, a furrow in a field may become a road 'that leads to Rome.' Walls are not built around towns or cities. The separate states are like only so many fields of wheat.

If the religious conventions in the land would now pass resolutions of love for the humane societies of the nation, love for the laboring classes, love for the exiled Jews, love for the religious in art, and the charities, and the amenities of modern life, they would soon have their churches full to the doors with the happy children of our race. In Hyde Park, London, hundreds of birds of all color and song are seen to follow the form that feeds them. Thersites, the Greek quarreler, is forgotten; Plato is held in eternal remembrance. It is the breadth of Christ's love that makes Him the everlasting foundation of the church.

But whence come all the pictures and wonders of the one hundred and fourth psalm? They came from a poet who was attempting to find in all places the footprints of a God. Thus, when we see civilization flinging open new gates, always growing broader and richer, redoubling the subjects and the beauty of each act, finding more of justice and more of goodness, perpetually exalting man, putting nobler thoughts into his mind, and assigning more blessed tasks to his hands, the feeling comes with wonderful power that our world came indeed from a wise and loving God. All that we see of skill and beauty is only His language. In all these years He speaks to us, saying, I am your God, and ye are my children. The wider our civilization, the grander our Christian faith.

'A THOUSAND HAPPY YEARS'

The New Testament writers were so transported by their new experiences and new life that they thought all the old empires would fall at the sound of some trumpet, and that a world full of wrong and vice at sunset would be full of joy and virtue the next morning. The whole age believed in wonderful events more than in the slow processes of natural law.

If inspiration and the presence of Christ gave the disciples and the apostles their direction and zeal, that new impulse did not tell them how many days or years would pass before vice would be dethroned and virtue crowned. Jesus Christ gave his disciples a new heart, but he gave them no date for a golden age.

The eighteen hundred years that have passed since those early Christians stood watching the sky to mark the coming of the Redeemer's chariot cannot but teach us to expect God's kingdom to come by the slow unfolding and working of natural law.

An elevation and inspiration the most divine will not utter any details about common or uncommon events. The holy men of old were told in what paths to walk, but it was not told them how far the paths were to run. It was the human zeal and hope that said, These paths will bring us to heaven in the morning.

Having given up the providence of detached events we must all pass over to the providence of law. The walls of despotism will not fall by the blowing of horns, the school-house bell has more potency. The Red Sea will not part for an army, the growth of education and freedom will dissolve the armies on the sea's banks and turn the soldiers into farmers or scholars. The sun will not pause over a battle-field, the age of intellect will sow

the battle-field with wheat, and will ask of the sun only the regular rising and setting of summer and winter. An event uses God for only a day, but law needs God everywhere and forever. With the ancients God was like a crash of thunder, an earthquake, but we have drifted into years in which God is like the light and the atmosphere—the perpetual accompaniment of man.

All we know in reference to a golden age is that the human mind and heart are growing larger and somewhat more virtuous. Crime and vice in society still make difficult the life of the optimist, but it is easy to believe that a little of moral success will make success more easy, as the second million of dollars is more easily gained than the first. The reign of law does not imply an advance always sluggish. Science came by law, but it came more rapidly in the latest times, and ran over more space in this century than it passed over in the ten centuries that preceded. Culture and morality coming by the laws of education and experience may quicken their pace in the future, and make the twentieth or the twenty-first century many times as brilliant and moral as the times in which we live. Each new modern century comes clothed with additional power. It holds the past more perfectly, and then elicits more and more out of the present. Law would just as willingly fly like a bird as creep like a snail. Having exchanged a spasmodic world for one of natural law, we need not expect the new wheels to run slowly.

Nothing in the whole universe is more religious than the perpetual operation of law. The human eye is no less wonderful because it has seen the spring come ever since it opened its leaves for Solomon and Homer; no less wonderful because tears have come to it ever since the first grave was opened in the earth's grass; no less wonderful the ear from the fact that it has heard the sea, the thunder, and the bird song ever since the days of Job, and has listened to music ever since the first hand of woman touched the first harp-strings; no less wonderful

the mind from the fact that it has thought, reasoned, and spoken for unnumbered ages; no less wonderful the heart because centuries and ages have witnessed its love, its ambitions, its hopes. Indeed, the long flight of time carries man and nature out into immensity, and makes them more worthy of a deity before whom we can go with our prayers. One brilliant sunset might amaze us, but the feeling of admiration deepens when we remember that the people around Christ had seen the evening clouds all red; one moonlight night might charm us, but the charm is doubled when we remember that Virgil, two thousand years ago, watched the moon pass behind clouds and then burst forth again. Time is one of the greatest friends of piety. If one springtime cannot convert our hearts, before a million springtimes our knees may well bend; and if one autumn cannot lead us to become worshipers, let us not give up, but shed our tears of faith and hope among those colored leaves that have rustled under the feet of all the men and nations which are now dead.

Natural law and long time being the true friends of Christianity, the glory of the human race must be expected along those paths. But the chariot of progress may quicken its pace; creeping at first like a snail, the mind may soon be like a dove.

The scene now before us is that of a much larger intellect and a slightly improved heart. The intellect always was in advance of the heart. Men know the right long before they will perform it. Mental power comes long in advance of the moral power. In our city of a million not one person in the whole million believes that such a metropolis should be governed by men of an infinite unfitness for the task, but such men are chosen from time to time because the universal intelligence is many years in advance of the public morality. We all know what is right, but our moral force is a long distance behind our judgment. In no age have knowledge and action traveled together. Lord Bacon uttered more wisdom

than he could live. So did Shakespeare. His forehead was in the clouds, his character in the mire. The intellect of Goethe won laurels which were never flung down in the path of his life. All these men, joined by thousands as great, recall the old reproach flung at Athens: That it had wheat and moral laws, but the wheat alone it could use. Athens could eat better than it could live. The youth says: 'Drinking is a bad habit, but give me another glass.' So our intelligence says: 'All cities should be governed by great men, but for the present bring on your thieves.' The intellect grows great more rapidly than the heart grows powerful. The virtues of which Bacon and Shakespeare sang began to come along after the writers were in their graves. The intellect can fly, virtue goes on foot.

The enlightened intellect helps virtue, but it cannot make a sudden perfection. All scholarship is an impediment to vice, but not its sudden overthrow; thus showing us that the chariot of learning outruns the wheels of righteousness.

The man of Nazareth would make a wonderful revolution in our world if He should persuade us all to live up to our knowledge. If the mind believes in temperance, in justice, in benevolence, in industry, in perfect honor, in physical and moral beauty, then all that remains is to make each day overflow with the obedience of these rich truths. Christ would be a divine friend could He do away with the distance between human philosophy and human life. He need not check the understanding, He need only help the heart to catch up. The matchless beauty of Jesus lay not chiefly in the ethics which was stored in his mind—an ethics so perfect, so universal, so divine—but it lay also in the fact that His philosophy did not outrun His soul. His oratory was the photograph of His life. His voice was like the murmur of the sea, which is not nearly so great as the sea itself. His words were few, His conduct vast. We reverse the picture and

follow our gigantic philosophy with a microscopic life. And yet the fact that we excel the negroes and the Indians proves that when the mind climbs to a height, the heart also creeps up out of the valley. In the Son of God the intellect and the soul were companions. They were inseparable. The wreaths for the forehead of Jesus were wreaths for the heart. Great men, like Emerson, Whittier, and Gladstone, are persons in whom mind and heart are both one. In Jesus the thought could not outrun the love.

The widening culture of our age is not a millennium, but it is the inevitable fore-runner of a happy period. The intellect of to-day is the broadest the human race has yet enjoyed. The journal of Pepys, in which are written down the details of London life for the ten years between 1660 and 1670, shows a mental life much inferior to that of the existing England and America.

Pepys was reared in a sickly air, but he had the sense, or the luck, to write down his encompassment of wicked littleness. To pass from that age to this day of Tyndall and Gladstone, Tennyson and all the scholars and statesmen of Queen Victoria, is like passing from 'Dante's Inferno' up the sweet hill to his 'Terrestrial Paradise.' Coming to the modern England the reader feels like chanting the words of Dante:

> 'A pleasant air
> That intermitted never, never veered,
> Smote on my temples like a wind
> Of softest influence, at which the boughs
> Waved trembling. . . . .
> Upon their tops the feathered quiristers
> Applied their wonted art and with full joy
> Welcomed the morning hour and among the leaves
> Warbled their happy lays.'

In this new breadth of thought all modern nations join, and not only is the old England left far behind, but even classic Athens and Rome are dimmed by this modern splendor. The new immense themes of reflection

have made a new mental power, and a greater mental republic. The state in its liberty and infinite detail of right, the church in its doctrines and morals, the social questions, the status of man, woman, and child, the home, the public education, the group of sciences, the brilliant company of arts, the inventions, the study of nature, the study of beauty, the drama, the opera, the literature of history, philosophy, poetry, and romance, are only the names of the tasks in which the mind of our age is busied. For breadth and depth no river of thought as great has ever flowed through any period. By the law of intelligence as related to sin, the stream of wrong must be less than it was before this greater thought came. Intemperance is moving slowly away from the upper classes. More benevolence comes. Love displaces cruelty. Sodom and Gomorrah are left to only history. Vice is not killed, but it is wounded. Moral beauty, and not infamy, is openly crowned. Our literature is more pure, and a little more of honor is seen on the streets, and is met by the traveler. As the sun, always pulling at our world, cannot affect the solid fields and mountains, but can lift up the wide sea because it is soft and flexible, and thus can make a tide rise high and run like the shadow of a cloud, so the human intellect rising to vast bulk and power can lift up the pliant morals of mankind, and make a wave of goodness run swift and high. Even in our land, which seems so sinful, the mass of thought is pulling up a tide of love. The golden age will dawn when the affections of society shall rise in a higher tide to the pulling of the intellect.

O boasting century, question yourself thus: Do you fully believe in temperance? Do you act out your belief? Do you believe in kindness? Do you act kindly? Do you read and write poetry on the beauty of simplicity? Do you declaim over the beauty of a life devoted to nature, to man, and to God? Do you act out the philosophy of such simplicity? Do you ask a friend to come and take a simple meal with you, and then do you and he sit down to a glut-

ton's feast, and after three hours of excess rise with the body injured, and mind beclouded? O boasting century, dost thou thus live? If so, the golden age will not come. It will wait until thou shalt have detached thyself from all this injurious and comprehensive lie. But when thy moral nature shall become the companion of thy learning, then shall the flowers of paradise begin to bloom at thy feet, and her sky to grow rosy over thee.

An effort is now being made by some orthodox clergymen to make the church consist of persons who are trying to live a life like that of Christ. Doctrines are to sink, and character is to rise. It is as though the books on astronomy were to give place to the magnificence of the sun; it is as though the gifted mother were to put aside Cicero's essay on friendship and, instead of reading, put her arms around her idolized child! Wonderful discovery, that a Christian ought to be like Christ! From such a discovery we might infer that a musician ought to love music, and that a singer should love song! What a discovery! It follows that an orator should have language, and that a rainbow should love its seven arches and its seven colors.

We all stand amazed that our era passed through eighteen centuries without happening upon those great inventions and discoveries that are now so useful and so grand; but we should be more deeply amazed at a Christendom that could live through eighteen hundred years without having learned that Christianity is an imitation of Jesus! The Romanists and the Protestants cannot compel its morning to push back the curtains of night. Those great streaks of dawn will come when the human soul shall take up the Sermon on the Mount and transform it into life. Nature is a great believer in life. It transforms earth, air, water, and light into blossoms and buds and millions of living forms; it comes to the ideas of Jesus and flinging them into soul, commands them to live. It will not have any other result than life.

The holy writers said these blessed years would be a

thousand, but we see the poetry of the specified number, and at once transform the period into a gigantic future of earth, and into an immortality beyond.

Not by magic, not by earthquake, not by tempest or fire, will the thousand happy years come, but as education and goodness steal over man all his life, and neither his mind nor heart can feel or hear the footfall of those dear angels, thus the thousand happy years will come through God in his law, and come as silently as those violets which in the spring the earth sends up from her bosom.

THE HISTORICAL SCENE

It is not probable the old sun-worshipers themselves carried in their minds such a sense of the unknowable and amazing as fills the modern cultivated heart when it thinks of that star whose light and heat have been radiating for millions of years in all directions; of which light one beam has gently smitten this planet without any intermission for ages upon ages, perhaps making it turn on its axis and fly onward in its orbit; surely making those primeval forests, which turned into strata of coal; making the rains, the soils, the vegetable, and animal kingdoms possible; making the rain clouds, and then dispelling them; sending his beams in at the windows of Abraham; shining on the pigeons of King David, making their wings to seem of silver, and their plumes to be of yellow gold (Psalm 68); making the mornings dawn richly upon the hills of Pericles and Plato, and the fields look sweetly for Zenobia and Sappho; making the Judean trees wave richly for John the Baptist, and the banks of the Jordan a perfect flower-garden for Christ. O thou, the sun! the sun! It is a blessed thing man does not appreciate thee to the utmost! He would be broken-hearted over the thought of a night on which thou shouldst never rise!

Among the impressive attributes of the mind, a prominent place must be given to its power to look back. Pascal was deeply affected by the thought that man could instantly project his attention to the sun and the stars. In an instant we can leave this busy scene, these streets which so swarm with people, and placing ourselves on a hilltop, can see the army of Xerxes starting on its march to invade Europe. We can see brass and gold flashing in a sunbeam that fell upon the fields nearly two thousand five hundred years ago.

In order to count the hosts, Xerxes made an inclosure that would hold ten thousand troops. On the march his army filled and emptied this inclosure as they went, and thus, instead of counting his men, the great king measured them, and found at last how many acres or square yards of humanity he had under his battle-flag. It is not difficult for us to see that wonderful picture of the proud king and his myriads.

Out of this power of the mind to recall and review all the bygone ages, comes not only the happiness which a vast picture gallery can yield, but also the power to find truths and ideas in their origin, and the power to compare moral values with each other, and thus reach true measures of merit and demerit.

It is never well to have the present so gay and so full as to admit of its excluding the long and rich yesterday. However full and attractive a year may be, it can never be equal to all past years. As all men are greater than any one man, so all years are greater than any one year. When we walked through the fields last July, and saw not only the products of the ground, but the attendant greatness of man, and recalled his liberty, his education, and his taste, his ambition, did we not feel that no greater time had ever dawned upon earth? There was much of truth in the meditation, but there was, all the while, something much greater than that one exalted season. What was it? It was the past in one totality. What was greater than last summer? All summers. Lofty as was the day that held you and me, greater by far is that past day that holds all our race.

He will lose an intellectual fortune who shall permit the gay music of a festal evening to expel from his mind all those evenings that fell long ago upon the faces and hearts of other generations. Man's power to look back and to live what is no longer in action, widens his life and makes him live not only amid the moments now passing, but among all the dead and gone millions of his race.

All that we possess has come to us by way of a long path. There is no instantaneous liberty or wisdom or language or beauty or religion. Architecture consumed much time in passing from the mud hut of the savage to the Gothic cathedral. Between the cave of the wild man and the columns and windows and perfect forms in modern buildings, the entire era of the Greeks intervenes.

If you select an impressive structure which has just received its finish from living hands, you must confess that it contains not only the rapid intellect of our age, but the slow thought of three thousand or four thousand years. All modern grand buildings are venerable in their antiquity. In a few months some busy men may make a Corinthian column out of wood and plaster, but the word 'Corinthian' betrays the workmen, and tells us how the great architect of Corinth set up such fluted pillars five hundred years before our Christ was born.

Our Christian religion has come along such a lengthy path. There is no instantaneous architecture, so there is no suddenly made religion. As the vast modern structures have come slowly, so our Christianity has arisen from humanity as the tree grows from the soil.

No matter what estimates you may place upon Christ—whether you think Him divine or human—you see Him acting in harmony with the Creator of the world and conforming to the law of a long path to each moral end. Christ might have alluded to coming steamships and coming telegraphs. He need not have gone out on the sea in a common fisherman's boat. He might have ordered a vessel like one of the palaces that now cross the Atlantic. But it would have been strange for heaven to send its Son to contradict the old genius of heaven, and thus order a house to be divided against itself. In whatever form Christ came, His speech could not contain the word 'steamship,' or 'telegraph,' or 'Sunday school,' or 'woman's suffrage,' because the first century was not

permitted to live in the nineteenth. The path of human progress had to be long, and that fact had to modify the man of Nazareth. The God who made a world would not send His own Son to contradict all the genius of the terrestrial project. It was essential, therefore, that the language and conduct and gospel of Jesus should be pulled out of the human race, as we pull a bush or a tree out of its native soil.

Nothing could help the modern Christian church more than a study of realism, and an application of the study to itself. Once imbued with realism, it would see that as the constitutions of the nations grew out of the deep wants of the people, the religion of Jesus came from the human race, and was not forced upon it from without. Education is not an acquisition by miracle, but only a growth of latent powers, so Christianity was not some opening of the brain for the purpose of inserting some new faculty. It was simply an uprising of the natural human soul.

Take from the past any one small fragment and note how real and natural it is. Take the first man you meet in those old gospel times—Matthew. When we were children we met this man before we had ever seen Mark or Luke. We children were left to suppose that Matthew was a total stranger to Jesus, and that when Jesus said to him, 'Follow me,' it came to the man like a stroke of lightning. He felt that a god had called him, and that he must not hesitate a minute. He flung down his books as a tax-collector, and in a few minutes had become an itinerant clergyman. What was the surprise of us all afterward to learn Matthew was a relative of Jesus, had often been with him, and had long felt, no doubt, that by helping Jesus he could do great good work out in the world of morals and regeneration.

This new realism does not harm the scene, but rather does it add beauty, for true beauty most abounds when art or literature paints the exact images of human life. The old artist always painted Peter as having royal robes

on his body and great gold keys in his hand for opening or shutting heaven, but such canvases have been empty of beauty, and when Peter shall return to art he will come as a plain man—impressive in his actuality. We may, indeed, paint Wisdom, or Virtue, or Diana, or Minerva as moving in royal purple, because these persons never were in real life. They belong to the realm of symbols and dream, but when you come to depict Washington or Cæsar, we must become realists and must make the truth a thrilling part of the beauty.

Matthew was a superior man in his time. The Greek language had brought the old Bible to his home, and the Roman empire had opened to all thinkers the gates of higher truth. As a tax-collector Matthew had met all kinds of persons, and he had seen also every form of wrong a heartless military despotism could impose upon a helpless people. He had seen the last comfort of home taken from the family; he had seen the bread taken from the mouths of the children. He had seen the life of a human being made as cheap as the life of a brute. Some months or weeks before this call he had been selected as one of the twelve, and must have been contemplating a public service among the people and along with his great Master.

The earliest Christian historian states that Matthew was a member of the Essenes sect, and, living a temperate life, was only a common student of those things in which his Master was a chief. The meeting of the two in history came from their union in daily life. The selecting of Matthew was much like the meeting of Washington and La Fayette, but with this difference, the New Testament persons belonged to one state and one family. The tears which Christ shed over Jerusalem had dimmed other eyes also, and when he said 'Do to others what you would have others do to you,' thousands must have thanked him for expressing so well their cherished sentiments. The crimes and cruelties of late centuries had

made all moral philosophy ask, 'How would you love to be treated in that way?'

Living in this age we can have little conception of the wrongs which then desolated the world. These culminated in Rome in those days when it was dangerous for a man to be known as honest. The kings and usurpers had no use for honest citizens. Unhappy land when a man had to conceal his integrity or die! Tacitus says Nero had one virtue, he did not love to look at the agonies of his victim; but Domitian loved 'to be a witness of human agony.' When he found a philosopher or a poet he at once exiled him. This was just after the day of the disciples, but the murder of such men as Cicero recalls a period when the blood of the honorable was taken as the penalty of their goodness.

By looking into recent times we can see a group of men and women rising out of some great distress of their age. Pronounce the names of Wilberforce, Lovejoy, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Whittier, Beecher, Stowe, and you at once see a group that was called together by a public calamity. There lay not far away eight millions in chains.

Led by a public sorrow more widespread and deeper, the disciples were detached from the crowd. With Jesus for a central inspiration Matthew resigned his office, Mark was a clerk or a companion of Peter, Luke abandoned his practice of medicine, John left the fish-nets to be dragged by other hands, and joining with others they began to move against the moral misfortunes of society. Before Christ came these men had all been carrying in their hearts the people's grief. At the coming of the new leader opinion arose in majesty and pity burst into tears.

Five thousand followed Christ up into the mountains because they knew He would be a language to their dumb lips. They felt that He would say what they were longing to hear. When word by word the mountain speech fell into their hearts, many of them must have cried for joy

that they could hear such music falling as from heaven upon their spirits. The moral scene was as realistic as the hillside where the speaker stood. Dismiss from thought the church, your church or that of your neighbor, and look at the picture as it must, indeed, have been.

The fame of Jesus had become as great as that recent fame of Wesley or Whitfield. Persons were making long journeys to reach the town the Nazarene was making famous. The sunshine which fell then was that which falls now. Some of the crowds are laughing, some are chatting, the little children are playing by the roadside. The roller-birds are numerous overhead, the magpie chatters in the shrubs, the rabbit or cony is startled from the heaps of rocks, the farmer in the field looks on, wondering whether to work at his task or to leave the growing grain and join the multitude.

As the scene lay wholly within the bounds of nature, so the doctrines kept company with the sunshine and the roller-birds, and sprang up out of man's actual life. When that throng came back to their homes they had heard that the pure in heart would be blessed, and that those who hunger for righteousness would sit down at the greatest feast ever spread; that love must be so sweeping that it must touch even an enemy just as the sunbeams do not fall upon only foreheads that are just. As the benevolence of the sun is irresistible, as it will make a thorn tree put forth leaves and a bramble blossom, so man's love was to fall upon an enemy and change his soul's winter into summer time. If a bramble must live it would better blossom, if an enemy must exist he would better be encompassed by friendship.

Out of the travels and labors of Jesus and his disciples there arose slowly an ethics, the most lofty, and a peace, the most sweet. Before him society raged like wild beasts; after him it took refuge in virtue and hope. Virtue adorned this world; hope crowned the future.

But the children of Jesus were few compared with the

children of the bloody past. Even such grand men as Pliny the Younger and Tacitus could not enjoy the teachings of Nazareth. One by one the men who were toiling to cover the earth with love and peace dropped into bloody graves. Of all the group that set forth around the divine Master, Matthew is said to be the only one who escaped the old refuge of kings—the death of the virtuous. Thrones founded upon crime find in human goodness only their ruin. In a despotism all noble men must be slain.

Christianity sprang up out of a reason deeply enlightened. The world had never seen such powerful logic and such breadth of thought as were reached by the Greeks and Romans. Some of those books of old Athens and Rome read as though they had been written by John Stewart Mill or by Emilio Castelar. Pliny the Younger was much like our William Wirt, and Cicero and Charles Sumner were twin brothers in culture and logic. In that brilliant period there arose the gospel of Jesus. As Angelo carved his statues out of his country's marble, so the gospel was carved out of the adjoining life. Poverty must end; wrong and sin must die; the righteous life must be lived; love must color all the days of this world; and perfect hope must plant flowers on every grave.

Reason has been defined as the discovery of a good path to a good end. Out of such reason came America, a good way to reach liberty. Christianity is a group of noble paths to noble ends. As the highways in a nation lead the traveler to some metropolis, as the smooth roads in the great parks lead to more and more of beauty, thus the paths of religion lead each mortal along toward a more blessed destiny. As he walks his penitential tears turn into tears of joy as they fall. Sin abandons him. Love of man and God turns winter into summer, and makes even black clouds roseate. Faith makes night as rich as day, and while these paths wind along through a beauty of their own, they all reach out toward heaven and meet at its sapphire gate.

It took a powerful reason to discover these great paths to great ends, and now it will be the task of a similar reason to reopen these highways for more millions of the living and dying pilgrims of earth.

Blessed vision—that of reason coming back to society! In the uprising of reason lies our hope. It will purify the public religion. It will bring the true Christ and the true church. It will redouble virtue and happiness. It will replace upon the forehead of Christ the lost crown of wisdom and love. It will re-open all the great paths to great ends, and will lead the people along a way that has happiness to a grave that has hope.

A SIMPLER AND GREATER RELIGION

In the material pursuits of man it is often necessary to have complex machines, the demand being imperative, but in his spiritual kingdom there is no such inexorable demand. There is no more demand for a complex religion than there was for the literary style of the poet Browning. It would have been quite an increase to fame and fortune to that talented man had he possessed a style as clear as that of Shakespeare or Lord Byron. He had noble purposes and great power, but his words always became entangled, like a skein of fine silk. His thoughts were indeed silk, but it is difficult to pull quickly out of the tangle a long needleful of good thread. The greatest of all thoughts can be best expressed by the utmost simplicity, because the idea, like a mountain, must stand forth all alone, that it may be the better seen. When a mountain is mingled with a long group, and is modified by foothills which reach away in all directions for a half hundred miles, there is the most sublime Alp or Apennine injured by a complexity. Christianity is much like an author or a piece of art, it can rise up in its own grandeur and express its divineness, or it can be almost hidden and ruined by surroundings in which there are no traces of greatness.

When Pascal lived and created such a sensation in the Romish church of the seventeenth century, his power lay in his ability to raise a laugh over the obscure, metaphysical inquiries so dear of that period. Born a geometer and a mathematician, his reason could strip all ideas of their false side, and could detect instantly a piece of bad logic. He loved to ridicule the absurdities of the Middle Ages and to plead for the simple gospel of the first four centuries. His influence came chiefly from the power to lift up a great idea until, by its altitude, it made all other ideas contemp-

tible. He turned the morals of the Jesuits into contempt, and the name of God into sublimity.

The most intricate and senseless of all philosophies are those of the earliest and most ignorant races. The religions of India are unreadable in our age.

One of the last lessons learned by mankind is this: that simplicity may be power, that it is nearly always the most powerful element in thought and art. No modern mind could find the courage to work its way through such wonderful admixtures of fact and invention. Many of the absurd inquiries which attracted the schoolmen and held them captive up to the sixteenth century, came into Christianity from the old East. Nearly all of those questions about the size of the spirit, about its ability to travel fast from star to star, its ability to dance on a needle's point, came into the Christian period from the heathen world, which had flourished long before the birth of Christ. So rich was the Hindoo philosophy at last that it would have filled volumes had the conglomeration ever been fully expressed in writing.

Fondness for entanglement, we see in its better days, in the Apocalypse of Saint John. There is no doubt John was one of the most beautiful characters of all who have lived, but this moral beauty did not save him from being led away by the prevailing charm of excessive figure and of wide labyrinths of thought.

Should any one, curious over the past and fond of comparisons, wish to compare the Jesus and the disciple he loved, he will find much of the difference contained in the mental simplicity of the Master. With Jesus the greater the truth, the simpler its expression. As his ideas grew in vastness, they diminished in number. Our earth has many little lakes, but only a few oceans, because there is no room for many; so Christ offered only a few truths, because each truth had to be thousands of miles in length and breadth. What Christ said is as clear, as rich, as divine, to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago. We

see in these two faces the Master and the gentle disciple. John was all the more beloved because he was only the companion planet of the flaming Sun. The central Sun did not need help, it needed only a companion in the realms of space. St. John was this companion, and Christ and he will journey onward forever, hand in hand, the greater and the less.

There used to be recognized several kinds of faith. There was a faith in miracles, a faith in the divinity of Christ, a faith which even devils might cherish, and last, and best of all, came a saving faith. This kind would come only by the intervention of miraculous power. What kind of faith an inquiring soul might have found, or might find, was exceedingly uncertain. The soul might be mistaken and be like the men who, in digging a well on their farms, have come upon iron pyrites, and have held a feast, and invited all the neighbors to rejoice with them over the discovery of a fabulous vein of gold. It is within living memory that many a young person has longed to have a saving faith, but has been uncertain whether what he had was the purest of gold or only the cheap sulphide of iron. All these shadings of faith have melted into one—a faith in Jesus Christ as man's beloved friend. If we had asked the poet Cowper whether he had faith in his mother, and whether it was a faith in miracles or in testimony, he would have scorned all our theological chemistry, and have said, 'I shall love my mother forever.' Behold in Cowper's reply the coming simplicity of Christianity! It will rear at last a sentiment which will make earth beautiful and heaven near.

We all perceive that the millions of people need a great, deep friendship with the Man of Galilee, who held in His soul all that is great in human practice or belief. Having had eighteen centuries of analysis of religion, how ready the world is for a taste of the good analyzed so long. Newman and Fénelon possessed it; so Calvin and John Knox carried it in their hearts; Paul and Apollos were full

of it when the world was young; it sprang up in the soul of John Wesley and came to Whitefield; it inflamed the bosom of Mme. Guyon, and away it went to live with the missionaries who traversed these snows in winters long since melted into summers which also are gone. If minds so scattered through two thousand years met in one Christianity, then there must be a religion which lies apart from the hundreds of doctrines, and which cares for none of them, any more than the sea cares for the artists who sit on the sand and attempt to paint its picture. We can imagine the ocean saying to the artist: 'Are you trying to make a picture of me? Me? Why, I am ten thousand miles wide, and am not even in your sight! Paint me! Why, I am not here for you to paint. I am washing the shores of England, America, Spain, and France.'

We can imagine Christianity saying: 'What! are you delineating me? How can you paint me when I am not in Geneva alone? I was with Magdalen when she prayed; I was with the Joseph who asked to furnish the tomb for my crucified Christ; I was with the mother of Augustine more years than I was with Augustine himself; I was with all little children which Christ held in His arms; I was with John when he was preaching in the wilderness; I was with the five thousand once, and gave them all the bread of two worlds; I was with the disciples when they sung a hymn, and I was with all the martyrs when they died. Oh, thou canst not express me in articles, for I am measureless! I am not a science of plants—not a botany. I am the blossoms themselves—the color and the perfume!'

The Christian religion often seems like that vast structure in Rome to which many architects carried their deepest and most serious genius. Bramante came first. He died, and the great Raphael took his place among the arches and columns. The grave soon called Raphael. Then came Peruzzi to stay by the stones for a half of a lifetime. Angelo then came and gave the great sanctuary

twenty-two of his precious circles of the sun. Genius followed genius for one hundred and twenty years.

In that long procession of Italian summer times these great architects hated each other and quarreled, each with his neighbor. Castelar says that Bramante and Angelo, separated by the thing of earth, are now united in immortality. While the builders were often enemies, the temple grew in its grandeur, because its arches and columns and dome could take no part in the quarrels of daily human life. The great basilica arose each year toward the sky, and each year left the further below, down among the marble chips, the many quarrels of the workman. It absorbed from the architects their love and their genius, and left all else behind. Christianity can make use of the hearts and powers of genius, but it remands back to oblivion all the discords of fretful minds. It can extract something from a Cardinal Newman, something from John Wesley, something from each cathedral and each little chapel in town or field, but in its vast life which is to follow the human race forever it will work its way up toward its God, long after we shall have gone away from among the useless chips around the base. It will rise a single shaft, sublime but simple.

Ah, what a high, pure, and religious art is architecture! It cannot express an impure or wicked thought. Its ideas and emotions are those of power, grace, harmony, long endurance, protection, and all beauty. All its creations springing upward from the foundations lift the heart up with them; and when the columns at last are crowned, the looker-on seems himself crowned with virtue. No wonder that religion early made architecture its near friend and companion, for this art separates itself from sin, and in its mighty uplifting resembles all of faith's holiest dreams. Its suggests the infinite of both God and man. In its presence all that is small in us disappears, and the high and low, the rich and poor, compose one brotherhood. All high art creates for the lower a high moral.

The great end of man is not only to see beauty, but

after having seen it, to live it. Memory and history are often the endless life of a valuable reality. Nearly all the great men of the world are in their graves. We have not seen them nor heard them. But, once here, always here. Homer and Dante do not go away. The harp of Sappho is still sounding. The tears of Christ are still falling. As the sea rolls and murmurs in the night, and is sublime even in its shadows, so each great event dying in the material fact is caught up by memory and history, and lives on grandly in their perpetual shadow. Athens is still with us, for time has only enveloped it in a silvery mist. No book you have read and loved can ever pass away. The colors you found in it will never fade. Once with you it is yours always.

Christ was so essentially a life that His religion must follow closely the plan of its Founder. There are many intellectual inquiries upon which the church does not what was or would have been the Nazarene's opinion, but the life of Christ admits of no doubt. The demand of the whole earth is expressed in the few words—a life like that of Jesus. With such a piety before man and in man, his present and his eternity will be one wide field of blessedness.

It must be remembered that a simple Christianity does not mean an unadorned religion. Mont Blane is simple, but it is wondrously adorned. Coleridge saw it rising majestically 'forth from a sea of pines'; he saw on its sides, 'motionless torrents' and 'silent cataracts'; he saw 'flowers skirting the edge of eternal frost'; he heard there 'a thousand voices praising God.' Rising up thus, in all the matchless beauty which eternal winter could heap upon its summit, and which eternal spring could weave around its base, yet is that gigantic pile impressive in its central simplicity. It holds no enigmas. It appeals to all the human family, and speaks in a language all minds can interpret. So, by a simple Christianity one must not mean a desert. Around a simple creed may be grouped the rich details so much loved by the human heart.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

As the word 'man' includes all human beings of all ages and conditions and colors, so there is, or should be, some word which stands, or might stand, for many emotions of the heart. When Christ pointed out to the young man the one defect of his nature, that he would not give his property to the poor, He must have taught some lesson more general than simply that money must pass from the rich to the humble.

The teacher of the lesson had Himself given no money to the poor, for He had none to give, but He had bestowed upon the people more, and richer gifts, than could ever have come to them through the estate of a Cæsar. Master and pupil combine to assure us that there is some other term than charity, more beautiful than the distribution of gold. It is more comprehensive. It cannot be a general living and acting for humanity, for if we were each alone in some Selkirk island, and there was no such thing as humanity, we should still need this one virtue. It is greater than common benevolence, because benevolence is only one of its parts.

There is no word for it, no phrase for it. The great rich man who left the earth recently did not seem to have any traces of this general, but unnamed, virtue. The eighty millions did not turn into any form of spiritual joy, they did not make life more rich or more blessed. They lay like that California gold, which for hundreds of years was stored away in the hills and ravines. Gold with this man was like gold in the quartz rocks. It was not living, loving gold, but gold imbedded in flint.

A few years ago a man was fined in New England for nailing up on his wall on Sunday a vining rose which a storm had beaten down on Saturday night. An old

'Blue Law' was found unrepealed, and the man was fined. So the story came west. In real justice the citizen ought of course to be rewarded, for there is something good in a man when he can pity such a torn and shattered vine. He could not give money to the plant; he could not preach to it; he could not cheer it with pity; he obeyed his spiritual nature and fastened it all up neatly and kindly, all on the Sabbath day. What shall we call such a feeling? There is no name for it. Our language was started by savages and no term has yet come to express the relations of civilization to a Sunday for man and a Sunday for a rose-bush. Meanwhile all human life suffers because the best meaning of its terms have not yet appeared.

The ideal man when he comes and the ideal woman when she comes will be sensitive toward the entire scene which surrounds them. A great advance will be made over the sentiment of Terence: '*Homo sum; humani nihil a me aliem um puto.*' 'I am a human being and cannot, therefore, be indifferent to any of the interests of mankind.' This is one of the noblest sentiments, but it is now seen as not as large, not as beautiful as the human ideal, for it does not include sympathy with the brute kingdom. Wonderful age when great men shall pay a type-writer for composing letters of wisdom and friendship, and will act in direct person only in the killing and wounding of golden pheasants and brilliant ducks. It is singular that the statesmen who can hire a secretary to compose their private letters cannot hire a common executioner to kill their game.

We evidently ought to enlarge on the maxim of the Roman, and instead of saying 'I am human, and all human interests are dear to me,' we should say 'I am a soul in a great world, and the world shall be my heart's love. I will carry water to a thirsty tree; I will tie up the fallen vines. I will, indeed, love man most because he is greatest in my world, but when man is absent or

blest, still will I pour out good will upon all the beautiful surroundings of man's life.' Until we can live up to such a broad sentiment, we shall pass our days in only the dawn of human merit and human enjoyment.

It would, indeed, be wholly impossible to prove that man can confer any happiness upon a thirsty tree or a fallen vine, but it would not be difficult to prove that man must be a soul full of sympathy, and must make all things feel the pressure of his extreme culture. When one of Virgil's oxen fell dead in the furrow, the poet pitied the one that fell, and also the one left standing alone. It had lost its companion at the work and in the leisure of the farm. It is quite probable the sentiments were beyond the intelligence of the faithful brutes, but it was grand in Virgil thus to be in full accord with his world, and to make up of its tree life or flower life or brute life an elegant language whispered to his own spirit.

Had he not been capable of holding some picture in that scene he would never have written a poem that has been read constantly by the cultivated races for ten thousand years. If the dying ox did not need Virgil, he needed the dying ox. The poet was to live with men and even write for men. He was also to live in and for himself. It was necessary for him to have a soul which was in sympathy with the marvelous scenery of three score and ten years. Death is so strange that it is wonderful that an educated man can take pleasure in the death of a bird.

One of the best of all words is the term 'sympathy'; the Greeks and Latins used it, and then sent it on to us. They enjoyed the perfume of the flower and then sent us the root for our garden. Sympathy implies a resemblance of emotion and object, or of heart to heart. The little children seen in the New Testament as 'playing funeral' and playing 'wedding' complained that when they mourned their playmates would not groan and act like mourners; and, then, when they played 'dancing'

and piped gay music their fellows would not dance. Had the little group of children been in sympathy, when one mourned all would have come to lament, and when the leader began to dance all would have joined in the gay movement.

Thus the larger world of the older children asked for the presence of sympathy. It must be with man, and go with him, and be like his eyesight, or his hearing, or his heart-beats—a part of himself. There can be no limit to its task. It is omnipresent, it is endless. When it sees the flower open it must wish there be no worm in the blood; when it sees the ship on the sea it may breathe that prayer for a safe voyage. When it sees the ripening wheat it must ask the skies to remain fair, and the hail-stones not to pound the tender stalks; when it sees the bride at the altar it must pause to offer a prayer that her life may equal all her charms and dreams. This is the *sumpatheia* of all the great classic times and of all the modern years, so far as they, too, are great. The flying bird, the running deer, the falling vine, the broken leaf, the barefoot boy, must have our sympathy. When the world weeps we must weep; when it pipes gay music we must dance.

It is probable that the extent and equality of education may be learned by measuring a man's sympathies. The more universal and powerful they are, the more complete his education. If he is in full accord with music, but hates his family, and is mean toward man and brute being, he is only a trained animal—a poor creature capable of performing but one trick. You have seen a dog that could churn, but it could not knit or spin. Rousseau was one of these specialists in sympathy. He could weep in presence of some form of beauty and pathos. He wrote philosophy with a gifted pen, but he had his five children sent, at the birth of each to a foundlings' home, because such a great philosopher should not pay any regard to his children. He was a man with only one or two emotions.

What our age wants is not a new power of reasoning; it wants to have young men by the million, and young women by the million, who will select their premises from the realms of all noble action, and will argue their way toward an infinite kindness and goodness.

We need no more logical nobility, we need that nobleness of soul which can live amid life's beautiful causes to their beautiful results. The greatest defect in our schools would seem to be, that they confer ability without giving noble inspiration. A great painter may employ his high art for low ends. The man who painted 'The Angelus' might have drawn as well a horse-race in which some noble animal was being urged to pain and death by electric spurs; or he might have painted a dog fight for some brute of fallen men; but his soul chose that scene called 'The Angelus,' and the high art and the high theme met and mingled like that angel which John saw mingling with the corona of the sun. Why should St. John's seraph stand with foot in the dust and sins of earth? He knew well what would be the home of that glorified messenger. Thus the divine genius to paint images must deal only in great images, that the artist and the canvas may not be in the mire of earth. It was lifted up to the border of supreme life. Our public education makes logicians, but they do not reason amid premises rich enough, to ends grand enough.

All literature is one and the same thing, namely: The utterance of the human heart. Let its name be Greek, or German, or English, it abounds in religion, pathos, sympathy, loving kindness. It always has been and always will be the portrait of man's inmost feeling. Those studies were not great because they were Latin and Greek, but because they were literature; that most divine throbbing of the noblest hearts. The modern student should travel through and through it until he shall have become as sensitive as the noblest ideals who adorn its pages. Literature proper is the gallery of spiritual ideals.

There we meet Antigone and Hypatia and Evangeline; there we meet all the Greek faces which have ever stood before the soul of genius; and there we meet such blessed realities as Christ himself. It is that sacred mountain top upon which humanity becomes transfigured and passes a few hours in shining garments for the body, and in rapture for the soul. Man should expand those hours into days and the days into life. He must smile and cry when he comes into the world, and smile and cry when he goes out.

Education must not teach logic only and strengthen memory, and make the mind a storehouse of knowledge, but it must remember that one thing we lack—the power to love the world. Every educated being can give his heart to the world and can say to the earth, thou hast been kind to me. I wish to thank the trees and the blossoms, the seasons, for being here when I came, and for staying so long. If you cannot seem to sell and give to the poor, since you may have naught to sell, you can lend the world your sympathy, you can pour out upon it your poetry, you can speak to it in art and science, you can carry a soul full of joy or pathos, you can smite its virtues and fasten up to the wall its fallen virtues in some way, and in all ways the heart must get out of its prison. All the friendship which educated men and women express toward the world to-day will be changed into the happiness of to-morrow. All this sympathy with man, and bird, and beast, all this sensibility, this delicate justice, this pathos, this gratitude, will be found in the civilization of the morrow when it comes to gather up its jewels.

THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT

The advance of the intellect must imply an advance of the affections. A greater thought must imply a greater feeling. As rapidly as the intellect progresses in the study of man, so rapidly must the feeling of philanthropy deepen. As it takes more water to encompass the larger island, so it requires more of love and sympathy to surround the bulk of modern knowledge. When the statesmen knew but little, they could live in more of indifference. To the densely ignorant sleep is deep. To the highly intellectual sleep never returns with a childhood sweetness; the learning in the intellect empties too much solicitude into the heart.

By learning one must not imply the contents of all the great books; one must mean only an acquaintance with the vast scene that surrounds man. When we permit great scholars to speak, we are informed that Tennyson was not a learned man, and that Whittier's mental storehouse was even less heavy laden with facts. While these college-bred critics are speaking of one thing, the world is speaking of another, and knows well that those two minds were deeply informed as to man and the earth. There is an information which belongs to a whole, not the college education of an individual, but the intelligence of the majority. This widespread learning has become, at last, so influential that it has created what may be called a higher sentiment.

It is difficult to define the term 'higher sentiment.' The soul does not submit very willingly to analysis. It is, indeed, a notion that after dark man may throw upon it all the light he may command, but it absorbs all these rays and remains in its old heavy shadow. This is all we know: that after one age has been kind to a few men,

along will come a time which will offer that kindness to all; after an age has been partial to some shape of beauty, along will come an epoch to which a thousand forms of beauty will be precious, The Etrurians must have esteemed highly the beauty of vases. It is almost certain that literature and poetry lay dormant, waiting for the elegant earthenware to have its day. With what delight did the men and women of that time gaze upon all that came from the hand of the potter. Older than the Roman people, and perhaps than the Greek, it was a limited form of decoration. It is easy to say that beauty around Raffaelle was a higher sentiment. It is probable Josiah Wedgwood's porcelain works at Staffordshire would have amazed all Etruria, could that man in his creations have suddenly entered old Italy when its pottery was at its best. If after seeing the English products, the Etruscans possessed any remnant of national vanity, a vision of Dresden china would have left them, like Sheba's queen, with their 'spirit all gone out of them.' The Dresden porcelain are only a small fragment of our age. The public taste is too great to be gratified by only one form of physical charm. Sentiments grow in order to express all the advancing stages of intellectual treasure.

What is thus true in the department of plastic art is true in the field of religion. With the increase of learning the religious sentiment rises in dignity and scope. The sentiment is one and the same, but this spirit branches out so as to include more details. Our religion is much like that of the sixteenth century, but it is also much unlike that old piety. The sentiment has become more delicate. What was music once is not half sweet enough now. The soul of the moderns asks for sound much more sublime or pathetic.

It is one of the most attractive qualities of our age that it begins to attach some value to sentiments. It would rather a man would act and feel like a Christian than believe like one. It asks us to know what the right is,

but away from ethics its cares little for intellectual details. Immersion and sprinkling are both one to it. The sentiment of religion has passed upward in the last half century. A large variety of creeds should remain, because it is so essential that there be many refuges for many minds, but there need be only one refuge for the heart. Piety is not easily divided up into parts. Seen in Bossuet, or Pascal, or Wesley, or William Penn, it is only one sentiment. It remains for our age to see it in all this old-time unity. It will grow more powerful when society shall trust their souls to it and realize that it is their happiness and salvation. Against the old dominance of particular and immaterial ideas, comes now the new empire of a spiritualized Christianity. There are individuals yet to be reclaimed, but as for the age, it has ceased to estimate a bishop by his ideas about apostolic succession or by his friendship for men not of his fold. The Christian life of the bishop is the only spectacle the world wishes to see.

This new exaltation of sentiment dooms to obscurity a wonderful collection of minute ideas. In man's worship of God lies the unity of religion, in the intellectual workings of the mind an endless variety. The soul must be permitted to love most what is most in harmony with itself.

As the poet passes along over the material world and the human world, picking out all that is most in harmony with the poet in heart, pausing in the vale of Chamouni as Coleridge paused, or on 'The Bridge,' of Midnight, or with the 'Cotter' on 'Saturday Night,' or with the yew trees in the churchyard, thus the Christian to-day passes along in the company of only the doctrines which appeal to his spiritual nature. The Christian orthodoxy of the future will all stand or fall with the rising or falling of its love for Jesus, and its mingled faith, obedience, and adoration.

Whittier's early faith excluded hymns and songs; his last days admitted them. At his funeral sweet songs were

sung under the trees, and all forms of thinkers spoke, because the eighty-five years of free thought had made the feeling of the Christian detach itself from a dogma about hymns and instruments of music. The religious spirit is fitted for either accident of the hour—music or silence. As the body of Whittier was carried out into a garden to receive its funeral honors—carried out because the house was small and the garden large, and because Christianity cannot distinguish a garden from a house—so the religion of the Christian has risen far above nearly all its old dogmas, and will always find its orthodoxy in man's love for God, and in his assemblage of virtues. The church goes out under the trees.

In Ernest Renan there was a deep sense of a spiritual world; Renan mourned because he could not find his God. There was no mockery, no boasting laughter over a deity that could number hairs or count sparrows. When dark doubts came to Renan his literature was not full of laughter, but of tears. He said: 'Oh God of my youth, I have longed to return to thee in triumph and in the pride of reason. Once thou didst listen to me. Having heard thy voice, I hoped to see thy face.

And now I have seen thy temple crumble stone by stone, the sanctuary has no longer an echo, and instead of an altar ornamented with lights and flowers, I have seen rise before me an altar of brass, against which prayer—severe, unadorned, without images, and blood stained by fatality —shatters itself. I would beat my breast could I hope to hear again that beloved voice which once so impressed me.'

The Greek statues were statues of the gods. Apollo, Minerva, Zeus, came from the religious feelings of mankind. Nearly all the impressive architecture of earth climbed up out of the soul of religion. Under the banner of faith, all the artists around Angelo painted and carved and built. When a recent canvas charmed the whole public its subject was 'Christ Before Pilate,' and when

another canvas brought in the market a hundred thousand dollars it was the picture of two mortals in the field bowing their heads because the distant church bell was sounding all through their hearts the solemn beauty of religion. It must have required great emptiness of soul to paint the ills which might result should Christianity see the assembled beauty of a world's fair. Christianity has seen all that beauty, not only has it seen beauty, but it has thought it all out and has spent life in expressing it. Compared with religion atheism has been a flowerless, leafless tree. Religion has been the kind of sentiment most liable to grow a luxuriant harvest of the great in art.

We cannot define this spirit. It is like the spirit itself, and in a force which rules and shapes and colors everything. When Virgil's hero was in heaven he asked his pagan but sainted father, what the spirit of man might be. The old hero said it was something which fed and inspired all else. '*Spiritus intus alit; totamque infusa per artus mens agitat molen, et magno se corpore miscet.*' 'It is a mind which infuses itself through the whole mass and quickens all and seems dissolved in the particles of the whole body.'

When we look into the highest type of the modern human face, the ideal and actual man or woman, and compare it with those faces which belong to the savage races, we at once see a new form and expression and power over all the continents. This result is not the outcome of a college course; it does not tell us that the ideal man is a chemist, or that that ideal woman can write history or poetry. These faces tell us only that this manhood and womanhood are carrying the soul of the great image. It looks out of the window of the eye, it throws out the hand, it keeps time to every heart-beat.

If one would view Christianity in a manner most impressive and in a logic the most unassailable, one would best pass by a myriad of intellectual accidents and note that spirit which, from the Deity and from Bethlehem,

moves out into the great arena of man, and which in our century moves, colors, cheers, recreates, and inspires wonderful spirit. It can find a fine art; it can make men become brothers; it can make the mind beautiful; it can make the heart virtuous; it can paint all of time in rich colors and make the soul seem too great to die.

THE REALITIES OF RELIGION

'Oh, dreadful day! Oh, day of wonder,
When the earth shall burst asunder,
Wrapped in awful flame and thunder.'

When this 'Dies Iræ' was written was there no one to write the day of joy? What an omission! It is as though Columbus had sailed north and had discovered only eternal ice and had never dreamed of a hemisphere rich in the untold luxuriance of the tropics. The "Days of Wrath' are indeed attending humanity, but so are the days of grace. The court of God is always in session. The Supreme Judge is always on His throne; but the thunder that issues from His chamber toward the ungodly must never drown the diviner, sweeter music that rolls outwardly toward all the purer forms of human life. To that music our children all walk and run and play. In God's grace the toiler works and sleeps.

It would seem that the vast realities of the Christian religion are a God and a Son of God, Jesus; then man made with a nature that may rise or sink; then a judgment day mingling with all these passing years wrapping some hearts in the cloud of anger, bathing other hearts in a flood of heaven's approved foretastes of an everlasting sunshine — a judgment day drifting slowly along toward immortality within whose immense borders other urns of grief or happiness will be overturned upon those who may have crossed the stream of death that separates world from world.

Man's life and death are within him. There is no one outside that wants to win his soul. Man lives alone: alone he dies. Oh, what a solitude! But he need not say, as he walks, *dies iræ*, for if he is trying to live the Christ life he may sing out, Oh, beautiful day of judg-

ment! thou comest anew in the evening of each day well spent. The good heart cannot escape thy wreaths and crowns. The court of heaven is raining down its joyful verdicts upon each forehead that beams with righteousness and mercy. The flowery days of June come only once in the year, but to the Christlike the beautiful day of judgment comes all through the summer's verdure and the winter's snow. Religion begins not when the mind finds God and eternal life in all their fullness, but when it starts toward them. As information always rises up anew before the student, as it inspires by being in the advance—a sea uncrossed—so religion is not a possession, but a pursuit. That heart is full of salvation which is always seeking its God. After death heaven will come not to those who found it while they were upon earth, but to those who always looked for it here. They sought Him in the stars, in the fields, in the events, in the soul, and in the temple; heaven they looked for in the openings in the clouds, and beyond the setting sun, looked through tears and prayers—all which patience and hopeful looking is the genius of Christianity. Would that such a Christianity could be extended until no home, no soul, could pass a day away from its inspiration and happiness. Can we see the red sky of the evening and not see the colors of man's life? The soul's roses never fade. God's love is not garnered up beyond the grave. Good hearts are constantly rewarded. The angels that carry sweet verdicts to the soul are always on the wing.

BE MEEK IN SPIRIT

Among the questions which composed the Christian child's catechism fifty years ago, flourished this inquiry, 'Who was the meekest man?' The honor of the answer fell upon Moses. This reply rested upon the remark made in the book of Numbers, that 'the man Moses was very meek, even above all the men which were upon the face of the earth.'

Our book-making fathers ought to have remembered that many great and noble persons have lived in this world since that estimate was made of earth's meekest men, and that the fact of Christ and His apostles and of millions of St. Johns and St. Marks and similar worthies and martyrs ought to have justified some later estimate and appraisement of such moral worth. The entire Mosaic age, with all its manhood, womanhood, and childhood, stands related to the Christian era much as the moonlight ranks with a great outpouring from the sun.

But it was the misfortune of our fathers that they could not find any important difference between the book of Numbers and the Sermon on the Mount, nor find in Christ or St. John any moral beauty which they might not find in the battle-fields of Moses and Joshua. There was many a moral charm in Moses; but it would be doing a great injustice to Christianity were he declared meeker than Sir Isaac Newton or George Fox, or more soft of footstep than Henry Bergh. We are all bound to confess that Christ has crossed our world; and that after Him there has sprung up a moral excellence which did not flow widely or deeply before He came. Think what each may of the nature of Christ, all seem compelled to confess that He gave a wonderful impulse to a very high type of human character.

Here and there has come some genius who has created a new era of painting or sculpture; or some genius under whose touch music has become a thousand-fold more rich and sweet; or some mind which has driven forward the golden chariot of poetry or literature; or some mind which has assembled words and thoughts into eloquence —and into a planet liable to be thus storm-tossed Christ came to set new fashions for the soul, and to make art and eloquence find a rivalry in human character. Against a beautiful statue or a beautiful picture or a beautiful poem, there came a genius who could delineate an attractive soul.

Whoever would appreciate this single utterance must repudiate the word 'meek.' It no longer tells us what Christ said or meant. It probably never did contain more than a small part of the Palestine import. In the days when the Bible was rendered into English the ideal Christian was described as a stoop-shouldered, melancholy, complaining creature, always wondering that he was permitted to exist, always confessing that by right he ought to be suffering punishment for both natural and acquired depravity.

All this self-debasement was called meekness. It certainly was not the intention of Christ to glorify such a quality of mind and to proclaim a time when such a dullness would inherit the earth. The oldest manuscript of the text is written in Greek, and it says, 'Blessed are the mild-mannered and gentle.' Plato and Xenophon both use the term to express the softening of a character or an age. It is used by Xenophon to express music when it sinks into its lowest and sweetest tones. The term was used to express the calmness of a heart which had conquered passion. It implied halcyon days— days not of self-reproach, but of a serenity in both the world and in God. As a Latin equivalent, which for centuries lay alongside the Greek term, it stood for all that was gentler in not only the mind, but also in nature;

stood for nations which were becoming more refined, and for grapes which were sweetening in the autumn, and for an orator whose bitter words were changing into sympathy and pathos. This is the term which in our century finds no translation in the word 'meekness.' The word 'meek' is only a prison in which the bird from Greece and Palestine dies without plumage and without song. Oftentimes a translation is only the transfer of a leaf instead of the tree, as girls visiting a prairie or the National Park bring back with them some flowers or fern pressed in a book. These white, jeweled hands are kind, but they cannot translate for us the immensity of the west. A pressed flower will not say much of that vast arena, where the sun has poured out its heat and color for a million years.

If we would read perfectly this beatitude it would be necessary for us to use all those English terms which have slowly risen up among their classic original. As the single grain of wheat when sown in rich ground produces not a single stalk, but a cluster, so each great classic term has in the deep soil of Europe and England become a cluster of ideas. The single plant which once grew at the feet of Christ has become a garden full of fruits and beauty. When the words 'Blessed the meek' are pronounced, there should rise up before the imagination all those who have carried in their hearts the highest wisdom, the tenderest justice, the deepest love, the kindest voices, known to our race.

The memory may recall if it chooses a multitude of minds all colored with one tint of character, and the roll need not end with the Fénelons and Cowpers, but it may admit into its grouping such beings as Helen Hunt and Emerson and Longfellow and Lowell. The roll must not admit only perfection, for admitting only the perfect it would contain but one name. It must claim all those who have pointed society towards all the glories of humanity. Blessed all those who in all their years stand by the

great river of human being to purify and sweeten it as it flows. Some affirm that in his later days Mr. Lowell did not walk as lovingly among men as he had strolled along in his early manhood; that he became dazzled by the externalities of wealth and rank; but if such charges were true, they would leave the name still wonderfully blessed on account of that long period of national cloud and toil through which his harp sounded only mercy, love, and justice.

'Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth and falsehood for the good or evil side.'

This hour came to Mr. Lowell, and his decision assumed an eloquence more powerful than guns. More nobly than Lord Byron he 'Touched his harp and nations heard entranced.'

Old as the world is, and active as it has been, it has not produced a good average human character. The only consolation is found in the thought that the great and gifted workman is still toiling over the task. It is comforting to know that the human heart is more attractive now than when the centuries began the tremendous work of making something good out of man. It is wonderful that when the ancients sat down to invent twelve great labors for Hercules to perform, they did not conceive the idea of asking the giant to make somewhere a perfect town, or village, or hamlet for all the passing and future ages to behold in dumb wonderment, a place where the mind should be broad and honest, and the heart gentle. Great reforms were dreamed of, for when the lions closed their mouths in the presence of Daniel, when the wild beasts and even the trees were inspired by the music of Orpheus, when the dog Cereberus grew mild and gentle over the honeyed cake flung to him by the daring traveler each story hinted at the existence of a power of mildness and love, before which brute force would turn to meekness. The burden of each legend that gentleness would be blessed forever.

But while all these stories contained a dream of better things, little effort was made in the direction of developing and perfecting the human character. Often art and cruelty ran along side by side for a thousand years. It seemed impossible for beauty to pass over from marble and bronze to the spirit. The Phœnicians led the old world in commerce, art, and all genius, but they sold their own children into slavery, as the moderns sell the horse or the ox. With the Spartans tears were a weakness; with the Hebrews revenge and deep curses were worked up into poetry and song, as fitting elements in the worship of God. To create a good manhood seemed a hopeless task.

It is estimated that the Niagara River was a certain number of ages in cutting its channel from Lake Ontario to the present cataract; it is conjectured that our planet was certain millions of years in elaborating its soil, its rainfall, its climate, its trees, its birds, but it is not known how long it has taken man to eliminate the tons of iron and brass from his character, nor is it conjectured how long it will yet be before he will reach the end of his historic meanness. That human nature is undergoing a slow refinement cannot well be doubted. The mind may well infer from the general progress of earth that man is also advancing.

In that awful forward movement which astronomers detect, man's heart is involved. If the universe advances, it must take man along. If the terrific animals have died to make a little room for the birds of song, if the lark makes her nest in the blossoming grasses where serpents once hissed, if sweet apples fall where sour, bitter fruit once covered the September ground, the inference ought to be that the human race is moving away from its own hissing serpent, and is being changed by and along with the changing scene.

To this argument of inference one may add the argument of fact. The spectacle of the times is that of a softening heart. Humanity has not become reformed,

but it has been touched. It has not become colored with great, deep, red love like that which Christ wore, but it has become tinted. The modern character is not black. Often it reveals many traces of beauty. Each republic ruling where despots once ruled is a triumph of kindness; each new law enacted in the name of justice and benevolence is a new blush of color on the human face. Each new institution to promote happiness is a smile on the lips—a tear of sympathy.

If any one will read the satires of the classics, the reader will find them less true than they were in old Rome and Athens. Character has risen above them. Juvenal assailed even the scholars and statesmen of his day and painted pictures that would be false in all the great nations of our times. No modern poet would perhaps take the pains to write or to publish a 'Tristia' like that of Ovid. Such 'Sad Thoughts' have been made false by the amenities of a higher civilization. In Ovid's lament come these words:

'While you are in prosperity you will be able to count many friends, but if sad days come, you will be alone. See how the doves build in the new towers, while the old roof has not a single bird. You will never see the ants filing along to an empty storehouse, nor friendship journeying toward one who has lost his wealth. As the shadow attends only when the sun is shining brightly and goes away at the coming of a cloud, thus the crowd will follow while one's day is bright, but when clouds come they will disappear.'

Except upon a small scale these words are true no longer, for our whole age is moved deeply by the desire to bless those upon whose sky some cloud has come. The burden of all the modern thought of the state, the church, and the press is the welfare of those who have long been unhappy. Many of our great men are poor in money, but they are rich in honors and friends. There is, indeed, still too much of the rock in the human char-

acter, but a great change for the better has come since Ovid and Dante poured out their tears in bitter and unjust exile. There is a slow drifting toward the idea, Blessed are the mild and merciful.

The greatest problem which was ever before our race, or which is now before it, is how to create the best and most universal human character. It has always been desirable to know how to produce the most wheat from the acre, how to exact the most heat from the least fuel, and how to make the small salary meet the most wants; but the most tremendous problem of all has been how to create the greatest society. This problem has not been the most seen or the best known. It has been hidden behind the field of wheat and the gallery of art, but it has been on hand in all times, and here it is to-day in all its measurelessness. The question how to create great men and great women belittles all other inquiries. We should all die of despair could we not look back and see a time when the ideal man was only a warrior, valuable only on account of his bow and arrow and club, and when woman was valuable because she could take care of the fighter's food and clothes. A single glance backward makes us all love the nineteenth century, for in its fairer fields we can see man and woman alike great in mental and moral nature, each a distinct soul, neither soul being greater because each is infinite.

The problem how to create a better public is still weighing heavily upon all thoughtful minds. It is probable that our public ideals are still too low. It is almost certain that we do not see clearly enough the intellectual and moral side of the universe. We may be as material as those ants of Ovid, which traveled only toward granaries full of corn. Our eyes are not spiritual enough to be able to see the stores of learning, wisdom, love, and beauty which stand along every path. To this blindness both the church and state have contributed; for while the church has denounced the idea of being saved

by a noble character, the state has educated its youth for only a career of business. Salvation and education have both been purely 'business transactions.'

Only a matchless greatness can interpret the words of Jesus: Blessed are they who step softly upon the great planet made by God, who feel the presence of others besides self, who confess the rights which encompass all life, from that of man to that of the beasts of the field. Blessed the gentle. A little utterance, but the eighteen Christian centuries have failed to fathom its depths.

Religion is making some advance, for one must not esteem lightly an age which is placing the word *amo* above the word *credo*, for all history illustrates the fact that to love is better than to believe. Education and religion might so live and so act as to cause human character to part with much of its iron and flint in the years just before us. They must first abandon the idea that hardness is power. In the realm of metals and stones, hardness is ability, but in the kingdom of the mind the phenomenon is reversed, and the softness of the soul has been the most titanic force known to our race.

This power of love and refinement must have been assumed in the declaration that the meek would inherit the earth. What will inherit this great domain of man? Will bloody war ever wear a perpetual crown? Is cruelty ever to become a noble end of being? Is an iron-like selfishness ever to become the chief end of humanity? No one of these names is worthy of a final empire. The coming conqueror is a much gentler spirit. What spirit is that which has made the literature and the wisdom and art and learning of all times? Mark well the hand which has touched the harp of letters. See it in Athens or Rome, in Italy or Germany, or France or England. It has always been a kind hand. Philosophy has always been kind as a woman. Confucius and Plato wrote as kindly as wrote the Nazarene; Newton and Sir William Hamilton and Stuart Mill made philosophy as gentle as

a song. The greatest kindness has always been the greatest power.

There is a kind of meekness which will surely inherit the earth. It will take possession in the name of the highest right. When an explorer discovers an island or a continent, he raises upon its shore the flag of his nation. His nation found it, reclaimed it from solitude and from monsters, and thus owns it. This is the law which shall give the earth to the gentle souls. They have discovered our world; they have sailed to its shores; they have made the earth with their own tender but creative hands; they found it a wild region; they have covered it with their music, with thought, with sentiment, with art, with philosophy, with friendship, with piety, and now in justice and beauty their flag waves over it. Meekness ought to own the world it creates.

In the blazing light of these things we should easily see that society is waiting for a better character to come—is waiting for the human heart to be freed from its old iron and rock. In these years of waiting, all who can must run on in advance of their day. It is well to be fully up to one's age when one thinks of the shame found in being behind it; and when one thinks of the power and splendor possible to man, it is almost disgraceful to be only up to one's country. The best soul must run far ahead of its period, because the age must walk, but the soul can fly. All those who read most deeply the needs and powers of man fling their hearts toward the future and then enjoy the happiness of seeing society creep along toward the new goal. The greatest Greek dramatist said: 'I do not write plays for man as he is, but for man as he should be.' Out of this principle came his sublimity, and there remains a sublimity still for all those who will, Christ-like, leave the age far behind and drag it onward by running along in beauty before it. Fling your hearts forward thirty years and you will in great joy overtake them here, or else in heaven.

THE SON OF MAN

The title Son of Man is applied to Jesus about a half-hundred times in the New Testament. It is in itself almost a complete definition of the person to whom it is applied. He was not the son of some family of district or city or state or tribe. He excelled all before Him by being the Son of the human race. He was too great to be a Jew, too great to be a Gentile. He was the Son of Man.

That term was not accidental. The most influential nations back of the New Testament were the Hebrew and the Greek peoples. These both were partial to human equality and liberty. The Mosaic age was a revolt against despotism. The career of the twelve tribes was, in the main, repeated by the revolt of our own thirteen colonies. In the two lands and ages so far apart there was the one estimate of humanity. The Israelites longed for a republic. The elders were to rule. No law could be passed by any power except a convention of the older men. The gleaning Ruth was as great as any woman in the land; and Nathan the prophet made David heart-sick by means of the story of the poor man and the little lamb. The Sabbath laws reached not only every human being, but they extended to the oxen that plowed the fields. Thus the Hebrew tribes held within themselves the idea of human equality, and never in any sense abandoned that principle. The Hebrew laws regarding strangers, widows, and orphans were exceedingly humane, and were all adorned with the words, 'for we were sufferers once in the land of Egypt,' and we cannot impose upon others what we could not endure for ourselves. However despotic David and Solomon may have become, the Hebrew literature and the prophets carried onward

the genius of the early republic, and when Isaiah and Malachi came to their song in the last years of that nation, the equality of mankind reappeared in the prophecies, and when finally Judea went down her sun set as it had risen—in the splendor of human liberty.

The history of Athens did not differ widely from the history of Jerusalem. The two cities do not seem much alike, but the differences are upon the surface rather than in the heart. Language, dress, architecture, and custom never determine any questions of merit and principle. Socrates may not have looked much like Emerson, or have lived much in the Concord fashion, but the Greek and the American were much alike. The two minds were as one. Thus Athens and Jerusalem were intellectual sisters. They differed in poetry and art, and did not dress alike, but on all great days the two walked hand in hand. Plato and Saint John were in sympathy. The political ideas of Paul were in accord with those of Xenophon. Their views of God, liberty, and woman were one and the same.

When James, whom we now call 'Saint,' said that If there come into your synagogue a man with a gold ring and fine clothing, and there come also a poor man in mean dress, and you pay marked attention to the man with the gold ring, he was in perfect accord with the Hebrew and Greek nations which had sunk before the armies of Rome. Although Rome could conquer Athens and Jerusalem, it could not destroy their learning and genius. Israel and Greece had been cherishing human liberty and right for a thousand years, and although the military power of the Romans was the greatest of that epoch, Greek and Hebrew thought was more powerful than the armies of the Cæsars, and while those victorious troops were marching east in triumph, the Eastern thought was flowing westward in a triumph as great. In the end the Roman flags were to be transient, the Greek and Hebrew truth everlasting.

Such a glance at the oldest past throws light upon the words, Son of Man. Jesus of Nazareth was not the obsequious friend of the man with the gold ring; He was also the friend of the man of common apparel. He summed up and intensified all the broad thought that had bloomed between Abraham and Gamaliel; He lived where the roads from Greece and Judea met to run westward.

Christ possessed all the wisdom of the past, but to this He added a divineness of soul. He was so fervent that His ideas became a glowing life. Socrates was intellectual, and loved to argue over abstract ideas. Jesus to a more perfect moral philosophy added an incessant action. He was a point at which all old truths began to live, each its rich life. The century-plant blooms once in each hundred years. The Son of Man was not the day of the first planting, but the day of the full bloom. The long century of waiting ran out in Him. He was the blooming day of the past.

If one should ask what qualities ought to be found great and active in an ideal son of humanity, the answer would come in these words: His style of speech should be simple. The human race is vast in size, and is composed of many grades of mental power, and of many kinds of intellectual habit. There is a simple music which does not care how many millions of human beings there are on the earth, nor what may be their color, or age, or condition; it is sweet to all. The Gregorian chants would certainly give joy to a savage and to a philosopher. Their tones are only those which may be laden with sentiment. The rhythm is like the beating of a bass drum. The hearer seems himself to be marching toward heaven. The time is one the heart loves to keep. The notes awaken no anxiety, they are full of peace.

A few minds may extract some pleasure from compositions more intricate and running higher and lower, and with the melody more interwoven with a hundred

variations, but there is a simple music in which the entire human family meets in one happiness. So is there a speech, a simplicity of statement, welcome to all. There is a style that excludes no mind. Not only will all tolerate it, but all love it. Like the Gregorian chant, it asks that the human family be its auditors. It is welcome as a sunbeam, it is as dear to all of us as the stars. Such was the intellectual simplicity of Christ's utterance. It was a Gregorian chant.

His philosophy was the exact parallel of his language. It did not repose upon authority alone, but upon that reason which is as universal as the five senses. The utterances of the Sermon on the Mount are in their truthfulness self-evident. When first heard, some of them may seem too lofty for this world, but time commends them, and at last society rises up toward their height. It at first seems a weakness to bless those who curse you, but in the end the blessing will bear fruit in the next year or the next generation, and it will change curses into praise. The great aim of each life must be to bless society, and man must not waste his time in working out some petty revenge; he must continue his well-doing, even if the kindness may fall upon an enemy. In the system of Jesus, revenge played no part. His scheme of duty and service moved on like the sunshine. One of the most savage and common of human pleasures is to break a heart. In the teachings of Jesus this pleasure was wholly wanting. In that philosophy love ran out toward all, and if in some it was not merited, it passed through them into the next generation, and there found its harvest of goodness. Often in taking revenge on a father, we lose the good will of his children. All of Christ's teaching assumes the reality and greatness of to-morrow. The teachings of Jesus are fitted for the long life of man upon earth. All who follow Him will find the far future as splendid as the dreams of the present. Life in Christ is an eternal progress.

Jesus' life is a perpetual school for all ages. It did not rely upon wealth for happiness. It drew most of its blessedness from within. To our country, where the heart prefaces all its plans with the wish that it had a million dollars, the life of Jesus ought to come like a voice from the sky. When our children are reared among the incessant wishings for money, there ought to be a new demand for the story of One who extracted blessedness from life itself.

The hills, the woods, the homes, the people, the philosophies around Christ were his fortune. He did not need to wish for a million dollars, for the wisdom of the world came to him inexpensively. He needed not to long for wealth, for the tears of pity came to his cheek without cost. He need not grieve for more gold, for He could think up His beatitudes, and could compose the Lord's Prayer without any outlay of coins. He need not mortgage his cottage to gratify taste, for the lilies made no charge for their perfume, and the birds no charge for their song. Our human race never saw elsewhere such a happiness all coming up from the mind alone. In the presence of such a being life ought itself to be an exhaustless fortune. Man's blessedness need not come from his property, but from his education. Only the spirit can be rich.

It would seem that this Son of Man ought to become rapidly the study and guide of our period. No former period ever made so near an approach to his genius. No other period ever loved so much that simplicity of language and that rationalism of thought and that devotion to the people which are seen in this one personage. Those dark abstractions which delighted our fathers, and gave us great volumes of theology, have outlived their popularity. The American world at least asks for only the simplest principles of faith and conduct.

Its literary style is that of Franklin and Webster—names far apart, but joined by one simplicity; its intellectual style is rational like that thought which brushed

away kings, and enthroned the people; its heart is that of benevolence and hope; its religion is tending toward a piety of mingled worship and action. The virtues which have made our nation are happily those which Christ caught in His arms when the past was falling in ruins around Him. Our nation did not intend to draw near to the man of Nazareth, but our fathers did intend to draw near to a high and free intellect; they intended to live for the people; to speak words the people could understand; and to exalt virtues and suppress wrongs; and in carrying out these vast human ideas they have unwittingly led us into the philosophy of Jesus. Truths are all in harmony, and when great minds pursue great paths they must expect soon to meet. Our nation, founded upon the rights and happiness of man, ought to reckon as its own child the Son of Man. The nation of humanity and the Son of humanity ought to be fast friends forever.

In Nazareth there is a morality, in Him a simplicity, an absence of luxury; in Him there is a human equality, a democracy, that combine to make Him the spiritual leader of such a planet. He and America should be at peace.

Our age has come upon a new task, a task never attempted before—that of educating all the people into the thought and belief that Christianity is nothing else than their own wisdom and happiness. It is not some church scheme; it is not something Roman or English, or Protestant; it is simply something intensely human, but it is so human that the natural intellect cannot escape its principles, and the natural heart cannot escape its wide love.

The church holds in her hand a cross, but it does not await new victims. It is wreathed with flowers. There is coming along rapidly the ideal of Christ as a perfect manhood. The cross of Christ stands for only one day of His history; His moral beauty stands for all His life, all His mind and soul. We may well wreathe the cross with flowers, for the two pieces of wood stand for a dark day

on Mount Calvary; the flowers stand for all the blossoming years on earth and in heaven. Each fragment of a broken vase may be beautiful, and, as the Irish song-weaver said, may hold long the perfume of the roses the whole vase once contained, yet better than the fragment is the whole vase with all the roses in full beauty. The tendency of our age is, have the whole vase and it full. From the progress which has marked late years we can foresee a time not far away when Christ will be carried along in all His divine and human symmetry. The vase will be unbroken and the flowers shall never fade.

Many are saying: 'Are we not following simply an ideal? Was there ever such a person? Has not time, has not affection, exaggerated the Son of Judea?' We can never know certainly in this life what may be the quantity of the Deity in this Son of Man, or Son of God, but in our estimates of Him as a perfect Savior we have not over-rated Him, nor rated Him at the full. Instead of being only an empty ideal, the emptiness is all in our hearts. Taken in His most rigid realism, He is still far above and beyond our age. As an absolute reality Christ is beyond us.

The common impression that the ideal is false, and that the real is always something true but inferior and common, is all error. When a flower has all its leaves perfect it is an ideal blossom, but it is such a reality that it will bring the most of money in the December market. When civil liberty omitted the black man, it was not an ideal liberty; when it omitted woman, it was not a good liberty; but when our Nation opened the road and put all human hearts into it, it became an ideal freedom. But is not the great freedom of to-day as real as was that of fifty years ago? Is liberty less real when it becomes the most perfect?

The more ideal the liberty, the more real, for it takes hold of more human life and hurls the nation along in more of power. If then there came into our world a per-

son who would rather be wise than be rich; who wished to live with God and in God; who loved the moral law as a mother loves her child; whose joy was in doing good; whose heart embraced the world in its love; who thought of only the happiness of mankind, and who died for humanity, that person was both ideal and real. If he did unto others as he would they should do to him, that was an idealism and a realism joined in one beauty. The golden rule is the perfection of idealism, but it is also as real as the earth and the sun. The Sermon on the Mount is the greatest piece of realism ever written. Is nothing real except that which is defective? Is a real human face only one that is ugly? In Christ moral realism is abundant, but it is faultless. The flower has all its leaves.

When the famous Russian painter displayed here a few years ago his great paintings, among them were two scenes in the life of Jesus. On the one canvas stood His boyhood home; on the other He wanders alone on the rocky coast of Tiberias. Some critics said, 'What rudeness in the treatment! How the artist degrades the Divine Man! His home is among fowls and goats. It is humble. A hundred dollars would replace all the structure and its surroundings. And as to the lonely being on the seashore it looks like a common, ill-fed, ill-paid laborer. There is no charm in the raiment. What miserable art!' But these critics were all in error, for in the middle of all such humble material things the soul may touch the sky. The chickens and the goats did not touch that human heart. Perhaps that soul may have fed them and called them by name. We do not measure Socrates by finding the worth of his dwelling-house. Thus we are not to estimate Christ by His coat or His sandal. The painter must copy these accidents from the time and the place, and then ask the spirit of Christ to take care of itself. If the person who gazes at these two pictures has as much in his own heart as there is out of it, the little, cheap home will seem grand as a palace, and the lonely working man on

the rocky beach will become lofty like the Son of God. It is folly to expect to find much outside of the heart that has little within.

Of all times our age thinks most adequately, most truly, most deeply of Christ. It gathers up the fragments of the past. It takes from the old church the idea of a lamb slain for us. It accepts from the Catholic woman the Man of Sorrows. It can shed tears over the scars left by nail and thorn. It can say 'We live by faith,' but it passes beyond all the past, and gathers up a glory the past never saw—a Jesus of spotless morality and infinite love, who changes men into His own image, and makes love the cardinal doctrine of all rational life. May the coming years gather up all the scattered pieces of Christ and soon offer Him to society as its perfect Savior.

In the simple religion there is a greatness which only the greatest music and eloquence can express. The grander the doctrines of the church, the more impressive may be the beauty which they may wear.

Man does not live in a desert. It pleased the Creator to make wondrously beautiful the world of His children. All that these children make and have shall catch something from ornament, from the very planet on which they dwell.

When Christianity shall teach its simplest form of doctrine it will still be in the world of music and color, and all sweet and rich beauty. It will ask ten thousand voices to join in its song; it may ask all instruments to accompany the multitude in their hymn; it may invite more flowers to its altars, and then to the material emblems of what the heart loves the simplified church will add a pulpit which can have no themes but great ones, and which can easily find that eloquence which as aroma lies hidden in sandalwood, lies high and deep in the being of God, in the life and deeds of Christ, in the relation of man to man, and in the mysterious flow of our race toward death, and the scenes beyond.

THE RACE OF SEVENTY MILES

Paul was a trumpeter. He sounded his clear, high notes and aroused all the passions of an army. The music was none the less the powerful because it was so spiritual, and the army was none the less real because it was to march in the name of the kingdom of heaven. Paul might have pleaded with a musician in the fable, 'I am unarmed,' but the plea was made useless by the fact that behind Paul the tumult was great. Changes were taking place rapidly, and unless a rush of opinions could be checked it would require many swords and spears to arrest what began in the softness of speech.

In advance of Paul one had run along who also was unarmed. Christ might have said, 'I am no soldier; I am a mild, kind voice'; but the plea would have been of little value in the presence of a swaying and falling world. The court of Herod or Pilate would have said to the captive, 'That silver trumpet which thou carriest is more powerful than ten thousand darts.' Christ and Paul were both put to death because of the trumpet each held in the hand. There are tones that awaken all the powers of the soul. They do not tell man what to do, what to believe, nor where to go, but they dispel all indolence and all despair, and bring a strange feeling that there is a great God and a great human destiny.

It will be in vain critics shall look into the New Testament to find some words came not by revelation, if only that book will place before us the pictures of noble men and women who would rather be martyrs than carry lifeless hearts.

Christ's tears, John's affection, Paul's zeal, were the highest form of inspiration. These persons ran the race set before them. The figure was born of Paul's fervor.

It was not accidental. Man's motion was not a walking or a creeping, but a running. It was running in the presence of a great cloud of witnesses. It was all a gala day in one sense. The witnesses were present from all climes and ages. The banners of Egypt waved along with those of Greece and Judea. The intellect may make a few errors if only there is an undying zeal in the heart. Our great generals in the war of the union made many mistakes, and thousands of soldiers died by intellectual errors. Needless bloodshed made slippery many a hill, many a wagon-road; but time forgives all these mental infirmities because the men who revealed them loved the nation and faced death for that love. Much forgiven because they loved much. The vast sentiment rolled on and made holy all the mistakes of the sad battlefield. Thus inspiration sweeps on and carries errors as the gulf stream carries seaweed and wreckage from clime to clime.

Virtue and learning must be attached to a perpetual buoyancy of the spirit. Much as the favorite poem of Mr. Lincoln is admired and enjoyed, it can never enter deeply into the cause of humanity. Its music is not inspiring. The trumpeter who should play only that poem,

'Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?'

could not justly be condemned for urging soldiers onward to battle; rather should he be acquitted for making music that were a death knell of all the great hopes of our race.

Man ought to feel that clouds are temporary, the sun eternal. This is not the advice given mankind by only poetry; it is the demand made us by civilization. Civilization is the final result of all the inspired hearts that have ever lived. It has not come to us from India and Persia, where the mind sleeps, and wakens only to write the literature of oblivion; it is all come from minds that sung of human greatness and praised the world for its inexpressible beauty. If we look back to find the source of

modern society, we find the greatest fountains in the hill of Attica. Some great nation must have lived before Greece came, for Homer did not make his own fortune. He must have inherited vast estates from some unknown mother. No backwoodsman ever came out of the primeval forest bringing with him such a language, such a philosophy, such learning, such culture. Verses like the Odyssey do not grow upon trees. Back of Franklin and Lincoln lay an England and an America; so back of Homer lay a great state whose harps had become unstrung and whose walls had returned to the dust. Greece was the Arethusa of some lost stream.

Homer and those back of him had not painted the sadness and the failures of man, had not kept the beauty of life in the background and the tomb in front, but all had piped like the skylark the morning song of the sun. The women all were rich in physical and spiritual beauty; the men were all heroes. The soldier's shield was of silver and gold. Their chariots ran rapidly. The horses were often thought immortal; and the instant we wander away from men so glorified we come to mountains full of divine beings. The Graces appear by a fountain; The foot of Diana rustles in the fallen leaves; the forest trees whisper at the breath of some passing god.

It is nothing of defect that the Greek picture is now seen as larger than some parts of life, for the truth proven is the same, namely, that civilization is made by the inspiration, the divinity stored away in the human soul. The picture is only in some respects larger than the reality, but not in many respects, for man is a being whose wonders no imagination can overdraw. Achilles, Agamemnon, Patroclus, are always greater than any poetry; and Andromache, with her little son in her arms, is a beautiful, half-divine mystery no earthly genius can ever portray. Life surpasses art.

To the active, noble man and woman no voice is heard whispering, you are to die to-night. One feeling domi-

nates long and gloriously, the feeling of eternal youth. By an argument man may prove that he will not be long in this world, but he can never prove the proposition by his heart. When man reads that all flesh is like the flower of grass, he applies the lesson to some other form than his own. As for himself, he has come here to live. He assigns death to his neighbors, but by some understanding with the universe he has come to stay.

Thus all humanity has run the race set before it. It has carried in its hand no autumn leaves. It always selects buds or open blossoms. It prefers to ride in the bow of the ship, because it loves to gaze into the future rather than into the past. It will not cherish any dream except that of immortality. When man, educated and righteous, dies at the age of seventy years, sixty-five of these years have been buoyant. They have been full of inspiration. Learned as the Scaligus, or moderately learned, like William Wirt or Henry Clay, man's heart has always been full to the brim. Of the average high life, sixty years of each seventy has been full of a spiritual glory. Gœthe says the universal mind of God is 'working at the loom, weaving for the Deity garments of life.' Man, then, must be a part of this weaver, for he is a mind, a soul. In sixty years out of seventy he weaves nothing but the richest silk. His imagination does not love to work at cheap, common goods. Figuier says: 'The suicide is one out of whose soul all beautiful dreams have gone.'

No youth, no manhood, no womanhood, can run the race set before humanity, and at the same time carry any vice. The vices are not only bad from what they are, but they are bad in what they exclude. The heart wedded to a vice is divorced from all enthusiasm to the universe. When a magnificent city is ruled by vice, all its magnificence is vain, for the vice is soon more splendid than the city. Any bad habit, be it that of the opium-eater, or of the drunkard, or of the glutton, eclipses the world and

empties the heart of all inspiration. Almost millions of young men are now living in our land who do not belong to its greatness; do not belong to its higher education, its purpose, its liberty, its beauty. Many of them have wealth, but they possess no inspiration. Their souls are heavy with degradation.

The meaning and value of inspiration may be seen in the career of those men who have been the world's orators. They have been compelled to be men of zeal.

Mr. Curtis said: 'An orator is a man who can speak so as to be heard and who says things which men want to hear. The first part of this qualification is constant.'

The orator is always one who can be heard, but to say what each new age wishes to hear implies a constant accumulation of ideas, imports, arguments, allusions, duties, and hopes; so that the wealth of speech in the old Roman forum would be the poverty of speech in England. What flowers are to the school-girl, what music was to Mozart, what nature was to Linnæus, the wants of society are to the orator. He thinks only of mankind, he loves nothing else. From Demosthenes to Wendell Phillips, the orator has taken no theme smaller than a nation; and, therefore, led by such subjects, oratory has always been a rush of inspiration. Its style is not that of common speech. It pleads, it persuades, it says "Come," and we follow. It is not an encyclopedia, but a trumpet.

Nearly all orators have stood before men like freedom's generals at the head of freedom's armies; and the beginning, middle, and end of the oration has been the word "Come." India and China had no orators, because there was no grand path along which humanity was to move. The word "Come" was wanting.

No wonder that when Mozoomdar reached his native land fresh from his great summer in America, the people by thousands welcomed him and waved banners on which were the words 'Hail to the New Dispensation.' But what is this new dispensation? It is an age in which

society awakes, becomes inspired, and runs through a great career.

What a calamity that so many youth fail to see in the liberty of our nation the permission to run with enthusiasm along the great human path. The majestic crowd of witnesses swarming into the sky from the horizon of the past ought to command them to cast aside the sins that so easily entrap the soul, and ought to allure them with the words, 'Come, run the race with us.' The past says Come; the present and future join in the music of the past.

The activity, the beauty, the grandeur of man's highway across the earth are at the hidden ends of it, but the richly adorned middle ought to assure society that here is not all of the human journey, but only a section cut from the whole. Unable to bring to England all the Greek architecture and culture, Lord Elgin stole only a shipload of marbles. The whole Parthenon was too large for his ship. Thus this earthly life path is a part of the soul's Parthenon. Earth is too small to hold all of the soul's beauty. A piece was sent hither, immortality holds the rest. Man must run until he reaches the earthly end. He need not run like a slave, but only as runs his heart from its own inherent nature. Man must place his dead under the grass and then go back to his appointed path.

AGAPA

An eminent Greek scholar gives the following valuable explanation:

"Prof. Swing used a transliteration of the noun ἀγάπη, which has other meaning beside 'love-feast.' Thus you will sometimes see the goddess's name Athene or Athena. In a broad sense, with many shades of meaning, the verb may be translated 'love,' 'admires,' 'respects,' 'approves of,' 'esteems,' or even 'submits or acquiesces in.' In the sense 'approves,' 'admires,' it is more frequent in Plato than any other writer. It is a word only an expert would be sure of using with the right suggestions."— Ed.

THE MODERN RESPECT FOR MANKIND

One of the best chapters in the New Testament is that one in which Paul eulogizes the sentiment which the church formerly designated as charity, but which in its revised edition it calls love. In that episode Paul wears the robe of a rhetorician and the garland of a poet. He amplifies, he illustrates, he eulogizes, he reads in figures, he asks us to think of clanging cymbals, to look at a procession of human virtues, and at last at three beautiful graces, of which this one rises above life. Had his words not been worn out by the destructive power of endless repetition they would stand to-day as an eulogy difficult to be surpassed. But as the perpetual action of the soft water will wear away the beautiful tracery cut in rock by the sculptor's chisel, so repetition will at last make the greatest passages in books, sacred or profane, become empty and even wearisome to the heart. Many utterances and aphorisms of the Bible have thus been emptied of their original impressiveness.

But if endless repetition has taken the word 'charity' away from the field of eloquence it cannot remove it from the field of philosophy. Love for all that lives is a sentiment which our earth can get clear of only by dying. If the moon was once an inhabited globe but has become dried, burnt up, its water and atmosphere gone, it has lost its charity by losing its life. It is only by such an encroachment of death our planet can be divested of its need and beauty of a sweeping love.

Language has, however, become so rich in words, and in those many shadings of meanings which cause words, that when the mind becomes weary of one form and name

of a sentiment, it can take up another name, and see the great old truth upon another of its many sides. The rear of Warwick Castle is more attractive than the front; for there under the walls of the vast dining hall is the river Avon. One could almost drop a bucket into the water from the windows out of which royal and beautiful faces looked many centuries ago; and there at the right are the cedars of Lebanon which religious hands planted in the days of the Crusades. Thus the sentiment about charity may be viewed upon many sides, and it will often come to pass that when the much-emblazoned front becomes wearisome, the visitor can move around this sentimental castle and find upon another side the most wonderful cedars and the river which helped inspire the greatest bard of the world.

Suppose you say that there are three great virtues: Faith, hope, and respect of mankind, and that of these the greatest is respect for humanity, then you have only walked around a forest or a mountain, or you have only crossed a stream or a lake, and have come into the presence of new wonders.

Paul did not use the term we use. He used the Greek word, agapa. But that word implied not what our terms 'love' and 'charity' imply, but rather the sentiment of reverence and respect. It came from the verb agapao, which stood for all acts of a reverential nature, and for all the good will which is expressed by the cultivated toward each other. It was used to express the memory of the dead, and in performing funeral honors. It was the expressing often of that sentiment which the Latins expressed by Salve—hail and be happy! It did not express that affection which binds a mother to a child or a wife to her husband, but that wide kindness which flows out from a heart to the whole human race. When the names of persons are not even known, when there is no actual affection between you and them, still you esteem them as members of the family of mankind.

This was Paul's agapa.

Sentiments, like roses, grow under culture. In the modern times the bed of the roses is made by science and labor. All old dead and wild earth is cast away; and rich earth placed in a deep trench. There must be just water enough and just sunshine enough. Out of long industry and thought came at last such roses as Anacreon never saw. It ought to be suspected that in a planet where flowers result from culture, sentiments would not come from neglect. Each age must cast away more of the hard, lifeless play, and deepen the trenches in which it expects its floral beauty to bloom. Among the plants which will bloom the more richly by as much as they receive more thought and care, must be counted this respect of man for mankind. It is growing and will grow until the words of men who do not possess it will be only a rattling or clanging noise. Without this wide and deep emotion the orator is only a piece of sounding brass. No orator can feed all the hungry, or build roofs over all who are houseless, but he can respect in all places and at all times the human face, and aim his laws and literature and science at the immense world of man. The 'stone-mason' described so touchingly by Lamartine would not lay up a wall for a rich man, because he wanted to wander around and mend chimneys and walls for those who were unable any longer to hire a workman. To toil for money seemed less noble to him than to heap up stones in the name of human nature. He so simplified his own wants that he was not compelled to work for only those who had gold. His simplicity of want widened his relations to the world. Instead of narrowing his life his contempt of money widened it. He did not permit a love of money to retard a sentiment.

An old saint once saw a vision which led him to say: 'Of a truth, God is no respecter of persons.' God was too great to admit of His cherishing a regard for some individuals or for some group of individuals. God could

not from all eternity look with peculiar love toward a class and designate that group as the elect. He could not be a respecter of persons. The Deity would be degraded by any sentiment of good will which should not move equally in all directions. As the stone-mason did not feel willing to have his act limited to persons who might possess wealth, as he wished to take his hammer and trowel and go forth each morning in the name of a large impulse, thus He who made a human heart capable of such ideals must not Himself fall below the philosophy of His children, and select a few names for a crowning with eternal life. By the dogma of such an election charity would be made less than faith and hope. It would need to resign its place as the 'greatest' and be content with a merit infinitely the least.

'Respect' is a term which differs from the word 'friendship' and the word 'love' by a very perceptible difference. The simple fact that a modern language contains a hundred thousand words may well lead us to suspect that there are many colors of thought, many shades of opinion, many tints of emotion. It is a wonderful pleasure to read along with a great author like Lamartine, or Chateaubriand, or John Ruskin, or Cousin, or Castelar, and mark the coming and going of words, their differences, their harmonies. The tints in the autumn woods, the many shades which pass over the clouds at sunset, are equaled in number and delicacy by the shades of significance which are spread before us by all those great minds which come to us in a richness of speech. The new volume of language marks the advance of man toward a greater fullness of thought, and a deeper sensibility.

There exists a sentiment which differs widely from love and friendship—namely, respect for the human soul in all its circumstances and times. The color or appearance of a human being may be at discord with our habits or taste, but our respect must run out toward all minds that reason, and to all hearts that feel. Washington

would lift his hat to a negro, not because of a personal friendship, but because under all the colors of the skin there were the one dignity and mystery of soul. Love and marriage are poor little words when compared with that word 'respect.' We may love one person or a score of persons deeply, but each true man lifts his hat to the whole world. All persons not criminals are included in this one form of benevolence. The feeling streams out, not because the persons have youth or beauty, wealth or genius, but because they are in our world and subject to its pains and joys.

Sympathy does not quite express this feeling. Men sympathize with persons who have met with some misfortune, but these persons were respected before their misfortune came. We respect a Gladstone: we sympathize with Ireland. It must be that respect is a form of difference shown to the soul.

It was often a pleasure to think of our nation as being founded not only upon the cold doctrine of equal rights, but also upon the warmer idea of man's reverence for man. Thieves could band together upon the basis of equal rights. They could elect a president every four years. To equality of right our country adds the more poetic and more divine feeling that the poor and the rich, the old and the young, man and woman, carry each a nature which makes differences sink, and which creates a harmony rich as that in the highest music. The rights of man as embodied in law, are accompanied by the respect for man as carried about in the heart. Good as is the Constitution of our nation, it is many times less than a cultivated heart.

There are, indeed, ill-gotten millions, and there are dishonest men in the land, but the great volume of American wealth comes from the bounty of nature. In Alabama the very rocks of the hills are turning into steel rails; in the whole south the fields are growing cotton for half the world, and there the trees abound with fruit. To the

wonders of nature man has added the wonders of invention. Is genius a crime? Are the wheat-fields and cotton-fields fraudulent in their design and their conduct? The wealth at which the anarchists complain does not come from the laws of the state, nor from the police, nor from any corruption fund, nor from the moneyed aristocracy, but from the fact that our nation respects all minds alike, and does nothing but admire the genius and industry of her children. These are the sources of all this troublesome prosperity. These are the monsters which pave streets and build palaces.

The country is based upon a respect for each human being. It so respects the human mind that it will not place a burden upon it. It says: 'Go, be free; the days are your own; your genius is your own. Go and turn the sunshine into money; ask the wild grass to become wheat; ask steam and electricity to work for you.'

The republic was founded, not to make restraints, but to remove them from all human shoulders. Men who think that prosperity comes from laws and police, need some school-house which will teach them that the Creator of the universe or nature has commanded the rain, soil, and sunshine to turn into gold, and the hills to turn into iron, water into power, and the air into light. It is a great error in a republic to look upon reading, writing, and arithmetic as a useful education. An education which omits all political and social science and adds to this blunder the omission of a moral science must be confessed a defective development of a mind. To add up figures is a minor accomplishment compared with the power to think like a Franklin or to live in perfect harmony with the highest goodness. To be able to write is not desirable unless one possesses a thought to be written.

Our nation would not step between any man and the forces and kindness of the universe. It does not bind a weak girl, it respects her mind and body, it respects

her stay in this world and says, 'Go forth, study, toil, become wise, happy, rich, beautiful. I am with you and for you in all the wide field of such pursuit. I was founded by the statesmen not to impede you, but to keep any rude hand from separating you from the benevolence of the Infinite Father.'

This is that respect, that reverence, which Paul thought greater than faith and hope. He may have seen faith and hope as being the relations of man to himself, and charity as the relation of man to all others. He may have thought that the personal trust and hope of each was less noble than one's feelings and actions toward his fellowman. He intimated that doctrines will come and go, and hopes will pass away by fulfilment, but this relation of each heart to all minds will remain as long as each soul shall stand encompassed by men or angels. It is a sweet and everlasting concord of millions of minds scattered in the continents and the ages.

When you become weary of the words 'love' and 'charity,' or feel the need of some additional term to meet the want of the greater age, turn to this thought of respect for all who live, and thus will you approach Jesus Christ and the Church and the Nation upon their greatest side. Nations are being rebuilt because they have not in the dark past contained enough of this feeling for humanity. The Russian throne trembles to-day because it has not been sensitive enough to hear the heart-beats of ninety millions. The churches are hastening to re-express their doctrines because they too realize that there is not a pagan nor an honest mind anywhere that is not living within the confines of human esteem, and within the more tender regard of Him who is the author of all that is noble in state or church. By common consent all educated beings walk kindly in the churchyards where the dead are sleeping. In one of these grassy fields a poet, in one of the greatest pieces ever written, felt his lines assume a new melody, and his heart expanding so as to

take all the names into one richness of song and memory. The common consent of the world, of state and church and private life will have reached one more beautiful and elevating custom when it shall have taught us all to walk with a sincere respect among the hosts of the living.

A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

The prophet Malachi saw lying before the Lord a book of remembrance, in which were recorded the deeds of the people of earth. In that volume lay, page after page, the story of man. This vision may well remind us of that reality found in this globe. Here man writes down his history. Here he makes a record of his good and evil, and leaves behind him a vast book of remembrance. It does not, indeed, contain any account of man's beginnings, but it is very full of the experiences, deeds, thoughts, and feelings which have come to fill up the wild gulf of six or seven thousands of years. The painted and carved pictures of far-off faces are of little importance compared with that portrait of man furnished by his written thought.

The Christian nations possess no picture of their Christ, but the exact features of Jesus of Nazareth are of little value in comparison with the worth of the books in which the teachings of the Master are contained. Thus the written words of the past form the most valuable portrait of all the bygone years. Job wished that his words could be written in iron. It so happened that the wish became a fact, for what that heart said so long ago, our race is saying still. The book of remembrance is as lasting as iron. The art of writing makes the old trunks of trees throw out new limbs and wear new blossoms. Our new translations make Homor walk forever in the worlds' new streets, and the morals of Jesus come to us as fresh as the new lilies of each spring.

Whittier, Ernest Renan, and Tennyson are to be found only in the world's large book. The traveler in America cannot by any industry find the form of Whittier; the lovers of great men cannot meet in Paris or in all France the form of Ernest Renan; England with all

her power of people cannot speak one word now to the ear of her Alfred Tennyson. These three mighty spirits have passed into the book of remembrance. They will live in that strange iron which has long bound the past to the present.

Literature is the picture of humanity. All other pictures are poor and false. They lack color and life. The body is often a poor representative of the soul. Many of the faces of genius have been marked by much ugliness. Angelo and Hugo were among the homeliest of all mortals since Socrates. After the grave hides all this injustice of the material world, then all the gifted of the earth meet in the one beauty of the soul. It thus comes to pass that literature is the only true portrait of our race. In that great gallery we can see man as he is. His wisdom, his taste, his wit, his happiness, and sadness are before us in life size. It is a noble characteristic of our time that it keeps but one book of remembrance. Whittier, Renan, and Tennyson lived and died in three different nations, but they all meet in the land of intellect. Literature has but one empire. In that kingdom all times and nations are one state.

Whoever standing in a church makes allusion to these three writers must reckon the work of Renan less valuable than the work of the two poets. He was a pure rationalist in religion, and thus came in conflict with all those churches which assume any miraculous teaching or event, but all who expect to be scholars or students and the friends of literature must be at all times eclectics, and must select what is great and good in the wide field. Not even Shakespeare is perfect. The work of elimination must be done all the way from Socrates to John Stuart Mill. It is difficult to find a perfect tree, a perfect rose, or perfect gem. Each true reader must cast aside much from each volume over which his eye is permitted to pass. After the Christian has revised the pages of Renan there remains an immense reward of learning

and thought. As for beauty, it abounds everywhere. To pass through his books is like walking through a field or a woods in October. One is surrounded by color, by a dreamy air, by fruits already ripe, by leaves that are dying, and by birds that are going south. Few pens have ever written more delicately. Not many intellects have been more acute and at the same time so tender.

It must not be thought that the writings of this French scholar were wholly harmful to the orthodox Christians, for these millions had gazed so long at the miraculous side of their religion that they had become blind to the naturalism of Jesus and his apostles. Afraid of the humanity of the case they had caused the whole case to become unreal. It had assumed to make the form of a pure invention. Of the thirty-five millions of people in France only three millions were attending the prayers of any branch of the Christian church. Renan did not cause this paralysis of the heart. It was brought about by all those who excluded from Christianity all except what was the most incredible. Mary and Martha wore halos instead of the flowing hair of their girlhood. Their laughter disappeared; their eyes rolled in a fine frenzy toward the far-away sky. As France grew in reason and education the popular Christianity revealed more and more its absurdity.

The apostles ceased to be men, and floated in the air as imponderable saints. Thus history died and faith grew as poor as its food. To such a nation of starving souls Ernest Renan came with his arms full of the beautiful but lost realities. He gave the Christ his lost human nature; he rebuilt the little homes of the fisherman; he restored the lost picture of human life. The books of Renan are, indeed, not much like those of Calvin and Edwards, but they are full of truth and tears. When we read them we seem to be in Palestine, and to be benevolent with Jesus, or eloquent with Paul, or affectionate with St. John. If it is alleged that Renan leveled the

gospels until they became common, human books, it must be remembered that the Church of France had made them read like the mysterious leaves of a Greek sibyl. The system of magic had turned thirty millions of Frenchmen away from the holy land of Nazareth. If those millions shall ever come back they will return by help of that realism which almost turned this Frenchman's prose into a song and made his fame that of a poet of nature. Renan will not, it is true, become a direct path to a church, but he will help the Christian to attach his own spirituality to a reality and not to magical rites and false dogmas.

The Christian can add to this realism the facts of divineness and immortality. After the poetic skeptic has passed all over the field long held by anti-rational church, it will be easier for that church to pass to a simpler and truer religion; and thus to win back the millions who to-day are wandering among the ruins of an old piety. It is an inexpressible pity that Ernest Renan did not possess that religious faith which marked Victor Cousin and Châteaubriand. Having the finest style known to one of the greatest of all languages, and rivaling all the poets in sensibility, he needed nothing more except the inspiration that comes from a devout faith. One thing he lacked—the deep sentiment of religion; but we are taught in the fable that nature never gives all power and charms to any one soul.

It may to many clergymen seem best to denounce the non-religious writers as being nothing but poison, and that all pulpits should mark and denounce them as such. Against such a policy it must be said that our age can no longer fully regulate the reading done by the young or old.

Books which violate the law are to be suppressed, but the liberty of this nation has become so large that all minds seem free to discuss Voltaire and Stuart Mill. The speeches of agnostics and atheists reach every fire-

side. Indeed, we may have each one some atheist for a personal friend. In such times our hope must lie in cultivating the eclectic spirit. We must all read even Shakespeare with a canceling pencil in hand. On each page the reader must say, 'I do not want that.'

When the dying Tennyson opened to the play of 'Cymbeline' he did not indorse the whole play. He thought nothing of the low plot of the dramatic piece. His heart longed for the one dirge alone. He even waived the inquiry whether that dirge was not inserted by a poet much inferior to Shakespeare in the verse-making art. His heart was to read once more the words:

'Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hath done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

'Fear no more frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The scepter, learning, physic must
All follow this and come to dust.'

His failing heart wished to re-read that old good by to earth. As he who journeys along a country road will pause to pluck a wild flower without caring what weeds may surround it, and what wind may have sown its seed, thus the human soul, living or dying, may gather in sweet truths in the wide land of thought. Let our age be bold to select the good and bold to erase all that is unworthy. To the realism of the agnostic one may add the spirituality of religion, just as to the dirge in Cymbeline the author of the 'In Memorian' must have added his own belief in a world beyond. The motto of our times may as well be: A bold eclecticism, like that of the old saint who was indebted to Jew, Greek, and barbarian.

Whittier and Tennyson will not ask the readers of

to-day and to-morrow to make much use of the eclectic faculty. Their pages in the book of remembrance need no erasures. They are all in harmony with the worlds of both God and man. Not as great as the Dantes and Miltons and Shakespeares, these two minds were very rich in all the later property of the world.

They were as wide as life itself. They did not—as Renan did—omit the larger of the two continents, the sentiment of religion. Into the book of remembrance they emptied the complete human heart. Whoever in the future, near and far, shall read the record of those years which end this autumn will find in history those two men have composed all that has been good in this century. The morals that emancipated slaves, the love of nature that can make a volume out of the snow of New England, the love that binds the inmates of a home, that makes citizens into patriots, that expands into philanthropy, and then rises up as the soul of religion and the definition of God came to Whittier to make a noble page in the chronicles of the period. In his character and teachings he was greater than Tennyson, but in his breadth and genius much less. The Englishman touched the whole past, and often employed his pen in the service of pure romance, and thus fell to the level of the common novelist; he gave some part of his time to the royalty and pageantry which belonged to the land of a queen. These excursions added richness without adding greatness.

The American worked in a narrower field, but it was a more perfect garden than that one into which came the beautiful Maud. It was a field in which grew the tree of man's life. The social life, the political life, the divine life of mankind, lay under all those verses woven on this side the sea.

And yet the Englishman was a greater poet. He spoke grandly in the name of religion, and then surpassed Whittier in his ability to grasp all the world and to invent,

delineate, and adorn. If Whittier was a symmetrical tree, with air and light all around it, Tennyson was a whole forest. As an intellectual commander or general, Tennyson did not marshal his troops for any one battle which might make or change history. He thus falls behind the man who fought about Beatrice in Florence and the man who fought in the name of a Paradise Lost. It is possible for a general to become great only througha great war.

Poetry has always played a high part in religion and is destined to retain long this important relation to piety. Poets come by unseen paths. The path and the gate are both hidden.

Poetry ought not to be called an art, because the art forms so small a part of the final fact. Hundreds of minds can construct lines that are full of resemblances. The lines are perfect companions in size, weight, and sound. These please us indeed just as we are pleased by two columns which stand side by side or by two trees which stand by a gate. The skill to make such resemblance is the poetic art. But what must be said of the thought which is set by Dante or Shakespeare in such a harmonious frame? The poetic art makes the frame from the picture, but what must we call that power which produces the picture? It is not an art unless the soul itself is an art. Was Demosthenes an art? Was Webster an art? Rather were these men human minds gifted to think and feel deeply. Poetry is therefore a great and beautiful utterance set in an artistic frame.

It is not so much an art as the utterance of a superior mind. The common mind understands in a mild degree the word, 'country,' or 'nature,' or 'God,' but that mind realizes the full import of each term only when some poet has passed over the truth. We can all pronounce the word 'God,' but we all fly to Job and the psalms and the hymns of all ages to find a language great enough for our hearts. As when we wish to see a vast landscape, a thousand beauties in one hour, and

by one wide vision we climb the Alps or the Andes, so when we wish to feel all the height and depth of some truth or sentiment that pertains to humanity or God we go to the earth's poetry—those mountain heights of human reflection and emotion. There the vision is enlarged and the heart beats in its full admiration. When man thinks of his mortality he may well repair to the 'In Memorian' and ask that poem to talk with him about that little grave into which each one must sink. If that verse is too long and too entangled the impatient one can listen to Whittier's simpler lines:

'No step is on the conscious floor,
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who has not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever Lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own!'

Thus many are the hours in which we run to the poets to beg them to express for us our own thoughts and sentiments. We say to the poets: 'I have life, but tell me all about it; I have nature, but tell me how beautiful nature is; I love humanity, it sings to me the greatness of the human race; I believe in a Creator, but help me to weep for joy in His presence.' It does not come as a dispatch of news, but as a language, and exalted eloquence, and an inspiration.

The Bible abounds in poetry, because religion is the loftiest thought of which the mind is capable. The subjects are great and beautiful. God is in the midst of it, and not as a simple creator, but as a friend. Man is there, not as a simple seeker of gain and pleasure, but as a mysterious wanderer between birth and death;

there as a moral being; there as a penitent; there in hope; there in benevolence; there in the beauty of all his virtue, all his art and song. Such surroundings created the book of Job, the psalms, the prophecies, and the final outburst by St. John.

Poetry is, therefore, not a pleasing arrangement of words, a harmony of rhythm and sound. These are only the decorations of the real substance.

As a river moves along, ornamented by its banks on which wave trees and grass and flutter the wings of happy birds, so rhyme and metric feet are only the attractive borders of some deep stream of truth. Religion will always love the poets, because they possess the height and depth which best can express itself. Long ago theologians would all have failed had not the poets rushed to the help of the people. Theology says there is a God, and reason declares he is full of power, but it is poetry that says, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' In poetry truth rises until it reaches the highest sentiment, the most finished form of itself.

When one reflects over the names of the great poets who have passed away, the inquiry arises whether they equaled their Greek brothers of immortal fame. They surpassed the Greeks. This superiority is not in mental gifts, but only in the riches the latest age bestows. No Greek could have written the 'In Memorian,' because there had not come to the human race that mental insight and skill which could draw a great poem out of the human heart. Our age is much the more spiritual. Beautiful as Greece was England and America overshadow it; but were Æschylus or Sophocles now living in England, the queen would not need pass a day without a laureate. In any century, however brilliant, these two minds would have been able to feel and express all the truth and beauty of their age. They were Shakespeares and Tennysons held in chains by the far past.

In our land, so overrun with fiction, whose chief object is only to amuse the idle or inflame the sentimental, would it not be a great gain should all the most noble poetic works come back to the world's heart? In the book of remembrance they make an impressive page. They record there the best thoughts of our world, for only the best thoughts can bear the embellishment of verse. Poetry will not touch a political party, but it will touch liberty and mankind; it will not admit a religious sect into its confines, but it will welcome all the splendor of religion; it will not admit botany, but it admits all of earth's flowers; it will not speak of Jew or Gentile, white man or negro, but over man it has always been eloquent; it cares not for kings and palaces; it has always been the friend of both the great and the humble. It is so lofty that both the king and the begger must climb high to reach it. The language of poetry embraces only the best words of each mighty tongue. As the painters in ideals select the best forehead and the most perfect eye and cheek, so the great poets use only those words which are rich in high associations of the past. The scholarship of poetry must be broad, its style most simple, its heart most affectionate and transparent, its morality spotless, its religion so broad as to fit all the souls that live.

If, as the old poet said, there lies open before the Almighty a book full of the history of mankind, a book in which the good and evil of society are garnered, it may well be declared that poetry has both created and painted the best humanity that is to be seen in that great mirror of all the historic centuries. May a merciful sky soon send again to the English-speaking millions a poetic genius which, like that which has just gone, shall be broad, refined, learned, simple, affectionate, and religious. For the return of such a form of mind and spirit our churches, our homes, and our very streets will not cease to pray.

THE POETS AND IMMORTALITY

Many of the poets who sing about death are really singing about man's common sleep. Such an error is not too great for genius to make and enjoy, but it is too great a one for the living, sensible multitude to repeat. The resemblance between sleep and death is slight, the difference is infinite. The poet Euripides says: 'O queenly Night, thou who sendeth dreamy sleep to the mortals who are full of labors, come down. Come with swift wings to the Agamemnonian home. Separate the inmates from their griefs and their labors.' This beautiful passage Longfellow enlarged into still more of beauty in that beautiful poem which flows thus:

'I hear the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!
. . . . . .
Oh holy Night, from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care
And they complain no more.'

But from such sleep man soon awakens with life all new in his heart; from such night the earth soon turns into the flood of new sunbeams, but does the death spoken of by the materialists resemble such a rest? Does the heart soon awaken refreshed? Does the morning soon come to those under the violets? Unless it is to come there is nothing in death to justify any word of poetic praise. Byron speaks of man 'lying down' at last 'to pleasant dreams,' but let not such verses deceive us, for in death there are no dreams. Let us not go to it indeed like a 'galley slave scourged to his dungeon,' but let us

not commit the still greater blunder of singing praises to the blotting out of a beautiful in a beautiful world.

Greatly preferable is that religious theory which adds to man the mystery of a second life. Seeing that we are wholly encompassed by the unknown we dare not say or think that death is the end. Man is cut off from knowing the beginning and the end. All the paths known to man lead toward an infinite beyond. All ways lead to where the distance alone makes a cloud. We dare not call a cloud the end. The heart may well wonder about a second life, but it does not dare to deny. Mystery forbids denial and encourages hope.

Our world is founded upon poetry. The globe itself floats in a sea of ether. As it turns over, on one side it sparkles like a crystal ball, and on the other side it is dark in shadow. On the brilliant side men work, on its darkened side men sleep. While the ball rolls it passes under the poetic sun and asks that orb to make for it a poetic spring, summer, and autumn. Out of this request come the forests, the fields, the grains, and the fruits; and, after years have passed by this excess of beauty, man appears in these woods and fields and adds to the sublime aggregation that awful and rich mystery of life which no science can describe and no history contain. Out of the beautiful woods and mountains of Judea comes a Christ, chanting a group of beatitudes which surpassed in sweetness all previous eloquence and song. All poetry indeed, but the quick impulse to a new civilization. Ah, poetic world! thy light is composed of a thousand colors, thy scenes are all a mystery, thy sounds are all music. Touch thee where man may, his eyes are full of wonder, and the greatest truth seems only the greatest dream.

The poet Statius, whom Dante so loved, attempted to describe only one little fact of the human career, and he stood amazed by one simple phenomena—that of sleep. He says: 'Sleep is a hidden grotto in a dense woods. Man passes into it. Motionless figures stand all around

his couch. The silent clouds envelop it and keep away the roaring of the sea. The angel of silence goes about with folded wings and forbids the winds to move the branches rudely. She forbids the foliage to rustle. She softens the distant thunder. The mountain streams all move more silently. The god of sleep is in the bower. One hand is under the hair of his left temple, the right hand falls and lets go the horn which it held in the long day.' Poetry is not the overstatement of truth, it is the effort of the soul to reach the reality.

Alas for the day when religion shall wholly cease to mingle its undertone with the poetry of our great, brilliant world! Blessed will this planet be so long as it shall say of the dead, 'They sleep' in God.

EPILOGUE

Where gentle waves come slowly into shore,
Beside the sea-green splendor, loved and praised,
Sleeps his last sleep the poet-priest who bore
Man's soul to heaven, in dear hands upraised.

He swung no censer fragrant with sweet fire;
His was the incense of God's fairest thought;
He held the chalice of the soul's desire;
His faith with jewels all its gold enwrought.

His priestly robe, all beauteous with gems,
Was holy eloquence, and truth, and love;
He knew how poor are earth's best diadems;
His were the riches of the life above.

Our poet-preacher, in his words of prose,
Made life a lyric and its dreams sublime;
Far from his musing and his hope there goes
Eternal music for the sons of time.

No son of thunder with a lightning stroke,
Smiting an ice-field in his furious blast;
His was the sun-burst, as from heaven it broke,
Sure of its triumph when the noise had passed.

Light white as heaven, warmth as soft as tears,
Came from his genius like an April day.
So, melting dogmas with their twilight fears,
Summer hath conquered in the breath of May.

Hard were the bands that held the feet of Truth,
Weary of cold and frozen into creeds;
His sunny soul hath kissed her lips and youth;
Lo, Truth comes bearing harvestings of deeds.

His was the fragrance when the storm is done—
  Breath of the lilies when the sky is clear.
Through all the tumult, God had this strong son
  Telling our doubtings: '*The Divine is here.*'

One to this prophet were the good and true—
  One with all beauty in the earth and sky;
His was the faith that gave this world its due,
  His was the love that laid its honors by.

He loved the Christ whose beauty was more dear
  And sweeter far than strains of angel's lyre;
For this alone—Christ filled life's deepest tear
  With God's own glory and divine desire.

Far on the edge where seas of doubt roll high,
  This soul was calm, 'midst surf and storm unvexed;
Far o'er the waves, beneath a clouded sky,
  Moved a fair soul with doubtings unperplexed.

Ye called him vague? What soul who stands and knows
  All man would feel and all that man may find,
Waits not in silence? *For truth's morning rose*
  Opes leaf by leaf within the faithful mind.

Never did he with trumpet call the brave
  Round some rush-light that soon must die away.
He spake ''Tis dawn!' when o'er the earth and wave
  Quivered the promise of a new-born day.

His was John's gospel of the love divine;
  His was the logic of the human heart;
His was the sight, intuitive and fine,
  Finding the Savior in life's common mart.

Where, asking questions, Socrates had found
  Wisdom and silence in the open mind,
There, in old Greece, he lived in thoughts profound,
  Near the Ægean was his hope enshrined.

What hours were they, when, on the streets of Rome,
  Walking with him, philosopher and seer,
Horace or Virgil led our poet home,
  Nor asked a verse to make his presence dear.

Both Greek and Roman, intellect and law,
  Found in his Christ their whole demand fulfilled.-
O for the vision and the Face he saw
  When adoration bade the creeds be stilled!

Moan, autumn winds! His autumn-time was here;
  Ruddy and golden all the fruit he bore;
'Midst harvest-sheaves and leafage brown and sere
  We say, 'Farwell, but not forevermore!'

—*Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus.*

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